Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

2/-
Fortnightly

The Sketch

From COGNAC –
OTARD BRANDY

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes
TRADE MARK
"FOURway
BREATHLESSLY SMART
CLEVERCHANGE
BELTED/UNBELTED
topcoats"
HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED "racin plaid"
DOUBLE SIDED "doeskin + cashmere"
THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL
WETHERALL HOUSE, BOND ST., W.1

SKETCH SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including Christmas Number)

Twelve Months	Inland & Overseas £3 : 0 : 0	Canada £2 : 19 : 0
Six Months	" " " £1 : 12 : 0	" £1 : 11 : 6

(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)
Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Dept., Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., Ltd., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

For women who

consider their

stocking colours

to be as important

as their clothes . . .

You'll find the Berkshire Shade Chart
at all the best stocking counters.
Use it to match your new outfit with the
loveliest stocking colours in the world!

Berkshire *nylons*

MADE FOR YOU IN THE UNITED KINGDOM BY AMERICA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF NYLON STOCKINGS

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
W.1.
SPECIALITY
is The Word
A new model from the collection
of Day and Evening Gowns
being shown in the
SPECIALITY MODEL SALON
First Floor
Pure silk Lime taffeta—trimmed in
velvet in soft pastel shades.

fitting isn't fussing..

say Berlei

We can't stress too much the importance of having your Berlei correctly fitted. Trying it on by yourself isn't enough—it takes a trained fitter's experience to know that every tiny detail is completely right, that the Berlei you've chosen is the very best Berlei for you. Perhaps it will be this above-the-waist Donel girdle that takes inches off the waist and controls the diaphragm. The bias cut panels give vital upward and sideways support. 761, in pink or white, sizes 25″—32″. **£5.17.6.**

Her tip is—always pull your girdle up at the front.

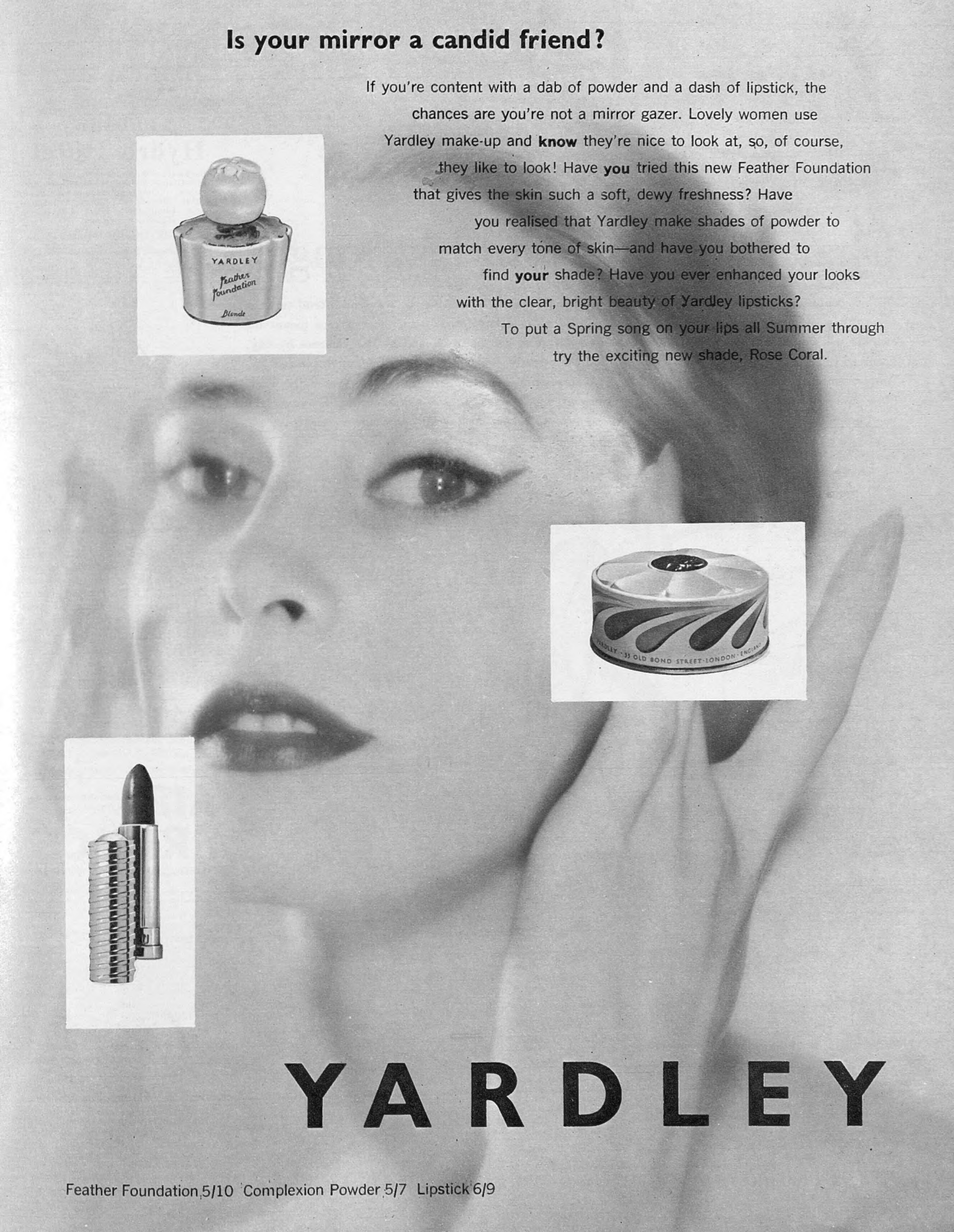
For real fit and comfort let her show you the professional way to put on your bra.

You'll recognise the Berlei trained fitter by this badge.

Berlei REGD.

foundations

AND BRASSIERES


Is your mirror a candid friend?
If you're content with a dab of powder and a dash of lipstick, the chances are you're not a mirror gazer. Lovely women use Yardley make-up and **know** they're nice to look at, so, of course, they like to look! Have **you** tried this new Feather Foundation that gives the skin such a soft, dewy freshness? Have you realised that Yardley make shades of powder to match every tone of skin—and have you bothered to find **your** shade? Have you ever enhanced your looks with the clear, bright beauty of Yardley lipsticks? To put a Spring song on your lips all Summer through try the exciting new shade, Rose Coral.
YARDLEY
Feather Foundation
Blonde
YARDLEY
Feather Foundation 5/10 Complexion Powder 5/7 Lipstick 6/9

Charnos nylons will last longer

On one condition . . . you must choose the *right type* of Charnos nylons for the way you intend to wear them. Charnos, who make nothing but fully fashioned nylons, know that very sheer nylons meant for evening will not do duty day in, day out; they do not even *look* right. Wear Daytime Charnos by day, Evening Charnos at night . . . and you will find they really do last longer. DAYTIME CHARNOS . . . *No-run*—mesh nylons that cannot ladder. *Commonsense*—medium-weight nylons for daily wear. *Sheer-joys*—sheer nylons for dressed up occasions at any hour. *Sturdies*—extra-strong heavy-weight crepe nylons. *Charnos nylons are still scarce, but look out for them at the best shops everywhere.*

EVENING CHARNOS

A range of ultra-sheer nylons with the accent on glamour.

CHARNOS

WISELY CHOSEN CHARNOS NYLONS LAST LONGER

PITLOCHRY

Hydro Hotel

In the Heart of Beautiful Perthshire. For a Health-Giving Restful Holiday. Southern exposure. Own grounds extending to 28 acres. Private Golf Course and Tennis Courts. Completely modern. Lift. Cocktail Bar. Television. Garage.

J. PETTIGREW (Manager)

Telephone: Pitlochry 35 and 131

A.A. R.A.C. R.S.A.C.

CORSICA

Our Travel Agent put us on to a good Spring holiday. We are flying to Nice for a few days and then on to Corsica to see the glorious flowers on the Scented Isle. All on the same through tourist ticket for just over £36 return from London.

Other Tourist return fares from London

PARIS £13
(*offpeak* £11; *Epicurean Viscount* £16)
MARSEILLES £29.9.0
NICE (*day*) £29.15.0; (*night*) £26.10.0
BARCELONA £36.11.0
PALMA £40.14.0; ROME £47.14.0
MILAN £34.4.0; GENEVA £26.4.0
From Manchester slightly more.

AIR FRANCE Illustrated brochures on request

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. *WHItehall 4455* AF39

4,300 ft.

Bernese Oberland, Switzerland

JUNE—the most exhilarating month for holidays in the mountains.

Most beautiful period for mountain flora and excursions.
Attractive price arrangements by hotels.

Information: Tourist Office, Wengen.
Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2

Horrockses

Ardena Invisible Veil

Elizabeth Arden brings you from France a sensational new discovery in powder!

Created in France by a secret process, there is no finer powder in the world. Of such invisibility that it seems to become the very texture of a woman's complexion, it covers every shadow and pore. It goes on so softly, without flying or misting. At the same time, Invisible Veil imparts a clear luminous look of indefinable charm. It blesses every skin with a clear, fresh beauty leaving a lovely trace of Elizabeth Arden's own intangible signature — a faint perfume of rare delicacy

Invisible Veil Powder is presented in an exquisite flowered box in 7 perfectly graduated shades 22/6

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

Seeba Courts by Holmes of Norwich

at 59/9 and 69/9

Court shoes to suit your pleasure.... and purse. You can step lightly this Spring and Summer in Seeba—they'll take you everywhere in comfort.

St. Laurent
a finely punched court in black or brown calf with medium or high heels **59/9**

St. Helene
an elasticised court in black or brown calf and suede **69/9**

St. Vivien
a fine calf court in black and many colours, and black suede **59/9**

DISTRIBUTORS:
EDWARD HOLMES LTD., NORWICH AND
23 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1

A NEW *Yearly Service*

IN PERMANENT WAVING

Exclusively Antoine — the special service which maintains your permanent wave — at its best — throughout the year. You pay once only . . . for a softer, lighter permanent wave that you may renew as often as you feel necessary — without recurring charge. We will gladly send you details on request.

APPOINTMENTS HYDE PARK 2186

Antoine

38 DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1. · PARIS · NEW YORK

Engaging and attractive are the new spring models of Peter Scott Sportswear*—knitted and fully fashioned—the favourite of women of fashion. In the range of styles from the strictly classic to the dainty lace-stitch, you are certain to find one—if not more—which will grace your figure and reflect your good taste, without unduly lightening your purse.

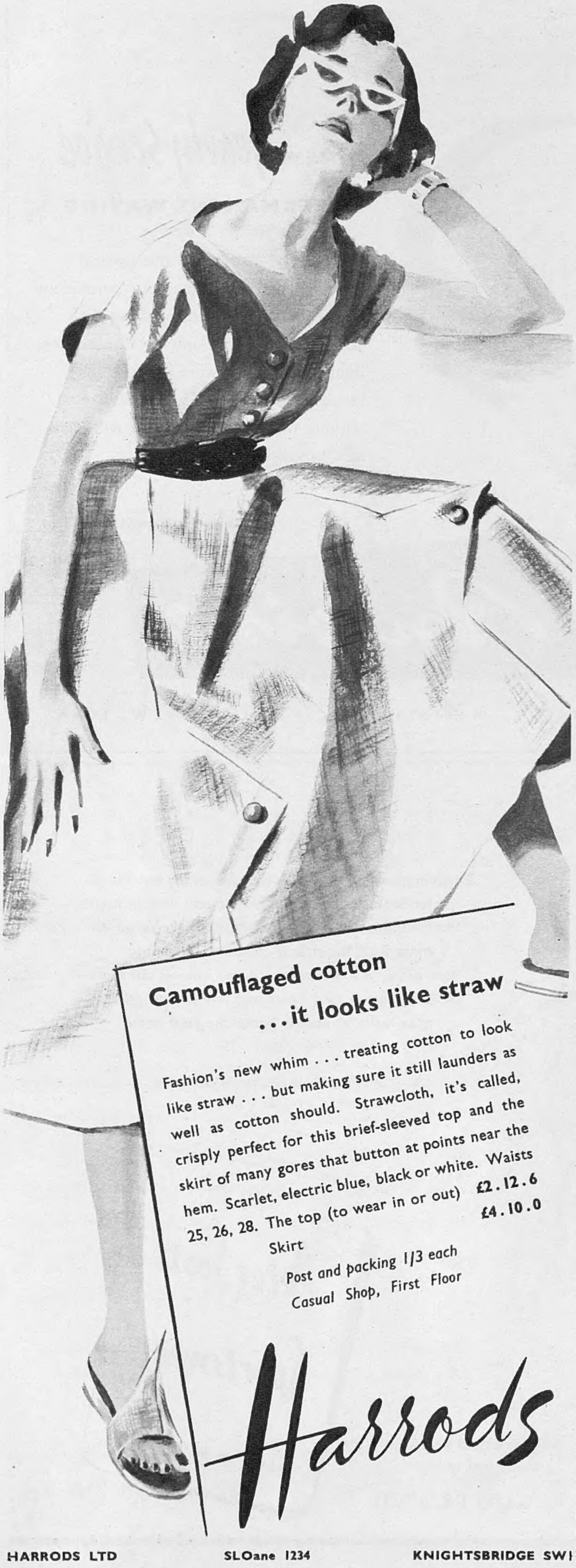
**in styles from classic to charming and in a rainbow of colours.*

Peter Scott Sportswear

MADE IN SCOTLAND

Name of nearest stockist gladly sent on request.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND



Camouflaged cotton
...it looks like straw

Fashion's new whim . . . treating cotton to look like straw . . . but making sure it still launders as well as cotton should. Strawcloth, it's called, crisply perfect for this brief-sleeved top and the skirt of many gores that button at points near the hem. Scarlet, electric blue, black or white. Waists 25, 26, 28. The top (to wear in or out) £2.12.6
Skirt £4.10.0

Post and packing 1/3 each
Casual Shop, First Floor

Harrods

HARRODS LTD SLOane 1234 KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

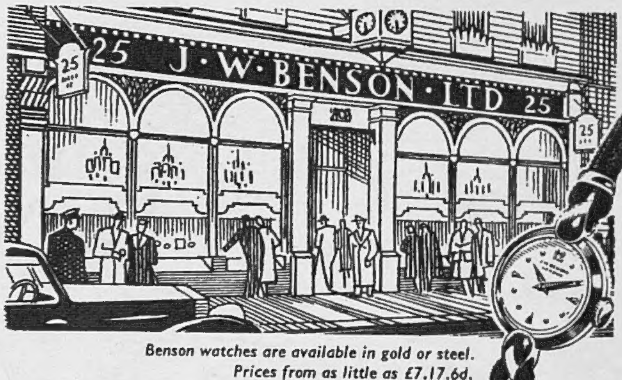
Everyone is talking about the 'TENDRIL CUT' by

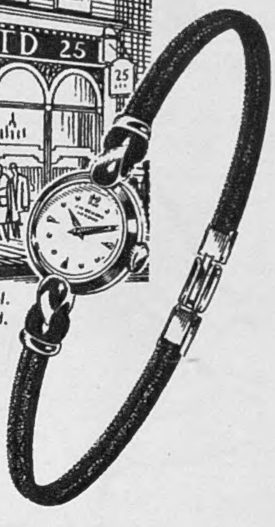
Andreas

(Menikides)
OF MAYFAIR
Now assisted by Monsieur Julien Paris

The Tendril Cut is a downward movement representing the heart of the petals of a flower. This highly-skilled shaping and moulding of the hair in this most unusual style adds a rich touch to your appearance, flattering and gay.

14 ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W.1. Telephone GROsvenor 7904-5371
and at 84 ST. ALDATES, OXFORD. Telephone: 48850





Benson watches are available in gold or steel. Prices from as little as £7.17.6d.

The test of time

For over one hundred years, Benson watches have been renowned for their superb craftsmanship and performance—and the individual attention that every single watch receives is coupled with the very latest advances in mechanism and design. *Benson catalogues will be sent on request —and remember, credit facilities are available at no extra cost.*

Benson of Bond Street

*Open 9-1 Saturdays

J. W. BENSON LTD · 25 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W1
incorporating HUNT & ROSKELL LTD

And *she*

of course

will be wearing . . .

THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

Peter Clark

from the Model Millinery at

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

LANgham 4444

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1954.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

Photographed by Studio Lisa.

THE LONG WAIT IS OVER

A happy picture of Prince Charles and Princess Anne taken on the wall of the Welsh house at Royal Lodge, Windsor, before they left England on the Royal yacht *Britannia* to join the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Tobruk on May 1st. Films, recordings and letters did much to bridge the gap, but six months is a very long time to be separated, and the plan to have the Royal children travel to meet their parents was a happy thought indeed. (More delightful pictures of the young Prince and Princess are on Pages 406 and 407.)

A DINNER FOR THE DOYEN OF GOLF: Artist "Mac" went along to the Hall of the Worshipful Company of Grocers on April 21st to sketch some of the guests at the dinner in honour of Mr. Bernard Darwin, whose golf writings have brought fame to himself and pleasure to his readers for nearly fifty years. Golfers from all parts of the world were present, and messages received from South Africa, Canada, Tasmania, and many other places, were assembled in one volume with the signatures of those present, and given to Mr. Darwin. "Mac" tells us a list of the guests would cover every aspect of golf during the past half-century.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

ONE of the tasks of the G.O.C. London District is to preside over the committee of the Royal Tournament. This year's President, therefore, is General G. F. Johnson, who succeeds General Sir Julian Gascoigne at the Horse Guards. The G.O.C. London District is always, of course, a Guardsman—General Johnson was commissioned in the Scots Guards, and commanded a Guards Brigade during the war. He now has one of the loveliest offices in London, with the knee-holed desk designed for the Duke of Wellington so that he could have his secretaries sitting close around him as his deafness increased.

It is said that if you were to stand in exactly the same position as the statue of the Duke of York on his column, you would look straight into the G.O.C.'s office. (It was also said by the wits of the time that it was *one* way of escaping your creditors!) For the Duke of York, whose reputation has suffered from the indiscretions of Mrs. Clarke and the nursery rhyme about his "ten thousand men," was, nevertheless, a far from negligible military administrator.

General Johnson, in addition to being a distinguished soldier, is also a considerable ornithologist and entomologist—being, as Sir Winston described himself, "a lepidopterist—or bug-hunter." It is curious that one "bug-hunter" should have succeeded another as Prime Minister. Only the other day, turning out some pre-war letters, I came on one from Neville Chamberlain inviting me up to Birmingham to see his butterflies and moths. Alas! Something intervened and I didn't go; it was a fine collection—almost as good, I am told, as the late Lord Rothschild's at Tring.

Sir Charles Petrie, the historian, who edits the Brigade Magazine, told me the other day that the General is also a historian, being a specialist on the Roman Wall. It reminded me of my two ambitions for the long holiday I shall never take, or for the retirement which I shall never be able to afford. One is to go on foot from end to end of Hadrian's Wall; the other is to take a car to Lisbon, and follow Wellington's campaigns from the lines of Torres Vedras to the French capitulation at Toulouse.

I HAD been looking forward to the recent O.U.D.S. seventieth anniversary party. But, as often happens on such occasions, the event did not quite live up to the anticipation. The fault, dear Brutus, was in myself, and not in the stars, such as Mesdemoiselles Dorothy Tutin and Virginia McKenna, who decorated the occasion.

Perhaps it was that the "Old O.U.D.S." present were either of a generation older, such as Charles Morgan, or very much younger. I looked in vain for the Lionel Hales, George Devines, Hugh Hunts, and other friends of my own generation. The young gentlemen could not have been more polite, but when you are *à la recherche du temps perdu*, it is a little hard to be called, kindly, firmly and humiliatingly, "Sir" throughout the evening.

It was, nevertheless, an agreeable occasion. There was Peter Fleming, one of the last of the great Oxford figures, and after whom, I understand, no one else has sat in undisputed majesty alone on the O.U.D.S. fender; Sir Lionel Heald, with whom I found myself engaged in a long and serious discussion on the majesty of the law; Patrick Kinross, who, with Gyles Isham, John Walter, Denis Craig and others used to take part in those for ever (to those who knew them) memorable Shakespeare readings on Sunday evenings in Cairo during a few weeks in the early days of 1943.

It was Patrick who said to me: "I suppose that when we were young, we swallowed these drinks in the happy way in which the younger generation are doing it here." I suppose he was right, though I find it hard to believe. There was some excellent Madeira, but apart from that, the most popular drink was some indescribable concoction which was poured out of jugs. It was opaque, which was no doubt due to the fact that its body was one of those synthetic orange juices which must yearly do more harm to the linings of innocent young stomachs than ever did a decent gin or whisky, and it had a bitter-sweet tang to it which I connected with genuine British vermouth. However, I am indebted to it for one thing. It made me a new friend. I was standing in a doorway, holding a large glass of this once-tasted-never-to-be-forgotten beverage, when a charming lady came up to me and asked if she could do anything for me. I replied: "If this were detective fiction, there would be a potted palm into which I could pour this revolting drink. But I see no potted palms, and I don't know how to get rid of it." My hostess, for such she was, said: "I am Lady Hills. I am most terribly sorry. I will see what I can do about it"—and cut me in on the V.I.P.'s champagne. On the basis of this *contretemps* we became, as I say, the firmest of friends.

There was the Honourable Member for Sevenoaks, Mr. John Rodgers, who was paying compliments to Miss Dorothy Tutin with the fervour of a Puritan and the flowery extravagance of language of a Spaniard. John's speeches in the House tend to be of the admirably matter-of-fact and prosaic nature which so suits that Chamber. The essential poet in him is seldom revealed.

There was Terence Rattigan, a pale, slim young man from my college who at that time showed little sign of the brilliance which first flowered a few years after he came down in *French Without Tears*. (Curious how one always thinks of people as being the age at which you first met them. Terry must be in his forties now and deservedly at the top of his profession. Yet because he was a Freshman and I in my last year when we first met, I cannot shake off the feeling that he is still a "promising young man").

The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal

At arty parties it is quite a thrill
To meet the modern sculptor, Wotherspill.
At this one, tactless Tanya failed to please:
She said his work resembled Gruyère cheese.

I HAVE no idea who they were, the charming and very young couple who came in and sat at the next table in the restaurant. She was exquisite, with large eyes which were fixed in adoration on the young man. I should imagine she was about eighteen and he twenty-one or -two. He announced his arrival by telling the waiter in slightly too confident tones that he had no money, but that he had a perfectly good cheque. Adding slightly less confidently: "You took a cheque of mine once before." It was obviously a first hurdle which had to be overcome. When the menu came, he said that they were in a great hurry and had only time for just an omelette.

I couldn't have helped overhearing their conversation, and wouldn't have helped if I could. It had the charm and freshness of dew on the grass. Like many young people of that age, she had done more and seen much more of the great world than he had. She had recently been to a wine-tasting, which brought from him the confession that he knew very little about wine, but he "thought he could tell a good port from a bad one." They were evidently not in all that much of a hurry, for this nice young couple talked happily on over the coffee—their only beverage—for a long time. At last he ordered the bill. (Hurdle Number Two?) When it came (with the cheque form) he said, again a little too heartily, "I find I have got some money after all," and produced a pound, which, to his obvious relief, covered it.

It was a delightful and nostalgic evening, putting me in mind of Humbert Wolfe's poem, *Junge Liebe*—Humbert, some of whose lyric poetry is first-class, for all his irritating mannerisms, and who literally killed himself with over-work as the permanent head of that most prosaic of Government departments, the Ministry of Labour!

It is light as a leaf.
As strong as steel.
There is no grief
So striped to feel.
There is no happiness
So bitter bright,
As the deep kiss
In the dark night.

Naturally I have no idea as to whether our young diner-out did kiss the young lady, but I sincerely hope so. For it reminded me of another evening many years ago when a young pair of, I imagine, precisely the same ages had been having supper after a First Night. The half-bottle of sparkling hock had cost more than had been reckoned with, and when the young man had retrieved his silk hat (for we wore them in those days) and tipped the cloakroom attendant, he found that he had only tuppence left in his pocket. The buses were not running, and I (let us abandon the pretence) can remember the cold horror crawling up my spine as the situation dawned on me. My parents would not, to say the least, have been pleased to have been woken up yet again in the early hours (I had forgotten my key the night before), and the young lady found that she had changed bags and had nothing on her either. Luckily, though a reigning toast, she was also a darling, and seemed quite to enjoy the walk. Luckily, too, it was fine, but to this day I can remember every leaden, humiliating step along Piccadilly and Knightsbridge.

Frankly, it baffles me, given modern prices of food and drink, how the very young (except, of course, the *jeunesse dorée*—most of whom are 9-carat, anyway) can afford to take their young ladies out in the West End these days. Perhaps the new coffee houses which, I gather, are springing up all over London, will solve their problem. I hope it does—if only it brings some restaurateurs to their senses.

BEING much addicted to dictating machines—the boss's blessing, the secretary's bane—I was not a little pleased with the story of the salesman who recently left one on approval with a gentleman of Central European origin who conducts his business not a hundred yards from Hatton Garden. The salesman pointed out that he could compress three days' work into one by the use of the machine, give all his orders, dictate all his letters for the next three days into the machine on, say, a Sunday, and go down to Brighton and enjoy himself during the time which it would save. He called back a week later to find the prospect ecstatic. "Vunderfol! Vunderfol!" he exclaimed. "Since Sunday I am vorking only vun day. I am at Brighton, I am enjoying myself. What is now being the preis of this vunderfol machine?" The salesman replied that it was only £150. "*Was!*" shouted the prospect, "and it spiks always so bad Englisch!"

A SOUTH COAST paper a day or two ago had a heading: "Next War Will Be Unpleasant." D'you know, I think there may be something in that theory.

Four-year-old Julian and his little brother Jonathan, aged two, are the sons of Lord John Hope, M.P., twin brother of the Marquess of Linlithgow, and Lady Hope, and live with their parents at Gray's Cottage, Gray's Green, Henley-on-Thames.

This happy family picture of Lord and Lady Ronaldshay and their family was taken at their home, The Manor House, Little Marlow, Buckinghamshire. The children are, *l. to r.*, Lord Dundas, 16, the Hon. Richard, 3, Lady Serena, 13, and the Hon. David, 9.

Photographed by Godfrey Coke.

Little Celia Knight is a remarkably good horsewoman for a four-year-old—but then her mount, four-year-old pedigree Shetland *Florian*, understands his young mistress very well. Celia is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Guy Knight, of Lockinge Manor, Wantage.

Fair-haired Philip, 4½, and Caroline, 1½, are the children of Major Colin and Lady Anne Mackenzie, of Apple Tree Cottage, Nettlebed, Oxfordshire. Their father is in the Seaforth Highlanders, and their mother is the only daughter of the tenth Duke of Grafton.

SONS AND

Photographed by Clayton Evans.

The Hon. David Howard, four-year-old son of Lord and Lady Howard of Penrith, who have four little boys: Philip, 8, Michael, 6, David, 4, and a baby brother, who was born last year. Lord Howard served in the R.A. in the last war. He was educated at Downside and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1931. Lady Howard is a kinswoman of Lord Hotham.

DAUGHTERS

Our Bookshelf

ECHOES. By Compton Mackenzie. (*Chatto and Windus ; 10s. 6d.*)

MARY ANNE. By Daphne du Maurier. (*Victor Gollancz Ltd. ; 12s. 6d.*)

RETURN JOURNEY. By Barbara Goolden. (*Wm. Heinemann Ltd. ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE is indeed our Lord High Rememberer ; yet he does not so much wallow in the seas that wash round the Isles of Nostalgia as dive briskly in . . . and then swim vigorously back to land to display his booty. He remarks in his new collection from the ocean bed, that " our present education neglects to promote that reverence for the living memory which is owed to it," and adds, furthermore, that (except once for a short period) he deliberately never kept a diary. His memories of early childhood have the authentic stamp ; which of us has not experienced, for instance, the desolation of being lost and having to confide our plight to a policeman :

> " *My name is Edward Montague Compton Mackenzie and I live at 54, Avonmore Road, West Kensington. Will you please take me home ?* "

But advancing manhood, on the contrary, brought delusions of grandeur : he must have been about nine when a carriage and pair drew up in the Hammersmith Road, and he became aware of an old lady in a mushroom hat bowing to him from the landau ; he bowed back ; Queen Victoria went on bowing and he loyally kept pace : " I was unaware . . . that an air-cushion was returning my homage."

The chapter on omnibuses is perhaps a little too circumstantial, a maze and a widdershins of numbers and destinations ; though one would not have forfeited his description of an advertisement inside a bus, depicting an eminent Q.C. clothed in dignity and a full-bottomed white wig, giving his considered verdict on the pre-eminence of Lamplough's Pyretic Saline ; other characteristic recollections of the period include Christmas pantomimes, the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, the gay window-boxes which marked the London Season from May to July, the smell of the watering-carts, and similar ecstasies—all happily familiar to those who, like myself, grew up within his own decade.

Standing before a mirror on his tenth birthday, he meditates " upon the reflection of maturity therein presented. . . ." That was the year when apparently our hero fell in love, but he was Oxford for the Boat Race, and Dorothy's brother was Cambridge, with many other vital points of feud and estrangement :

> *Cold were the greetings when Dorothy and I emerged from the camera obscura. " Hullo, Wilson ! " " Hullo, Mackenzie ! This is my kiddy sister."*

Sir Compton's portraits of the Great are drawn with rich infectious chuckles and a keen sense of the ridiculous : Sir Edward Elgar " emotionally exposed " to the music of a Berlioz symphony ; Henry James in a bumble of distressed courtesy trying to cope with his guest while his housekeeper badgers him about an order for marmalade from the Army and Navy Stores, and an exhibition of colossal egotism by W. B. Yeats and Sir Ray Lankester, seated one on either side of the narrator, neither paying the slightest heed to the other's monologue. . . . I once heard the author give a superb performance of that very incident, an unconscious reminder that he comes of a great acting family and that two careers are still open to him with equal certainty of success. . . . For when all is said and done, and in spite of his maturity and wise sophistication, Sir Compton Mackenzie is not very old yet.

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER is always at her best when dealing with the fascinating material freely supplied by her ancestors, and they, in turn, do her proud : first *Gerald*, then *The Du Mauriers*, and now *Mary Anne*, her great-great-grandmother. To present truth in the form of fiction is a tricky business ; the writer's more usual job consists in making fiction seem like truth ; but here Mary Anne Clarke comes to life on the very first page ; a resourceful minx, Becky Sharp all over again, but with more heart than Thackeray's adventuress, for she did truly care for her family ; and that was as much responsible for her ultimate fall into disgrace as her reputation for wild and careless extravagance. Indeed, as we read how Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, ran her into excessive spending and then let her down, it is he, not she, his mistress, whom we accuse of all the faults commonly attributed to her.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

I for Inkling

(*A budding author*)

The *cause célèbre* concerning her disposal of commissions for bribes is rather too well documented, for the book has been firmly presented to us as *A Novel*, and thus we are conditioned for novel-reading ; just these chapters, therefore, can be blandly recommended for skipping—a healthful exercise and hardly a capital offence, despite the shocked tones in which many refer to it.

The real joy of Mary Anne is in her gift for bare-faced rationalising ; while her determination to make a home-from-home of her miserable prison cell, her gay pretences during life in exile afterwards, and finally her anonymous return from the Continent for the Duke of York's funeral, all gather into a deeply moving record of the sort of courage which mocks misfortune. And one wishes, as the old saying goes, that she had not paid too much for her whistle.

IT is quite rare for women to succeed as satirists, but Miss Barbara Goolden undoubtedly has the gift, enabling her to work off in satire her exasperation at the blindness of God's creatures anent their own motives and reactions, their perpetual juggling to " adjust truth to suit themselves." *Return Journey*, pungent and often merciless, is, nevertheless, written with a light touch, showing occasionally " a tendency to lowness " (like Jane Austen's Fanny Price, but in a different sense), the gay lowness that leads straight to the centre of wisdom. The book opens with Canon Meadow's daughter, Veryan, arriving at the entrance to Paradise, where she is granted a return to life for one year, with two conspicuous changes from her previous existences, beauty and a capacity to express her opinions. Then follows a procession of scenes, brilliantly perceived and highly entertaining, though not actually to be listed as a story ; rather as a Morality, perhaps, on the generic English village, with the types legitimately exaggerated to illustrate the author's theme and purpose. Her chief protagonists are the Canon, a serene and not uncheerful pessimist, and old Friar, an unregenerate poacher, Veryan's favourite crony. Both have a gleam of what St. Paul meant by " the greatest of these is charity " . . . while their antithesis, Captain Crowborough-Wells, represents the backbone of England—" as yet unaware that it had suffered a considerable curvature since its heyday under the benign influence of the past century."

Several men, young and old, fall instantly in love with Veryan . . . until they discover that her slightly abnormal honesty can be a little disconcerting :

> " *If your point of view were to become general there would be rank immorality everywhere.*"
> " *But there is rank immorality everywhere," objected Veryan. " Do try and think tidily, because it 's so much easier.*"

Miss Goolden not only has this ability, but every now and then reveals that unlike Veryan (who returns after six weeks, beaten, to Heaven's Gate) she does not wholly despair of the human race.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE TIME IT TAKES.
By Ann Stafford. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE WISDOM OF CHINA.
By Lin Yutang. (*Michael Joseph ; 18s.*)

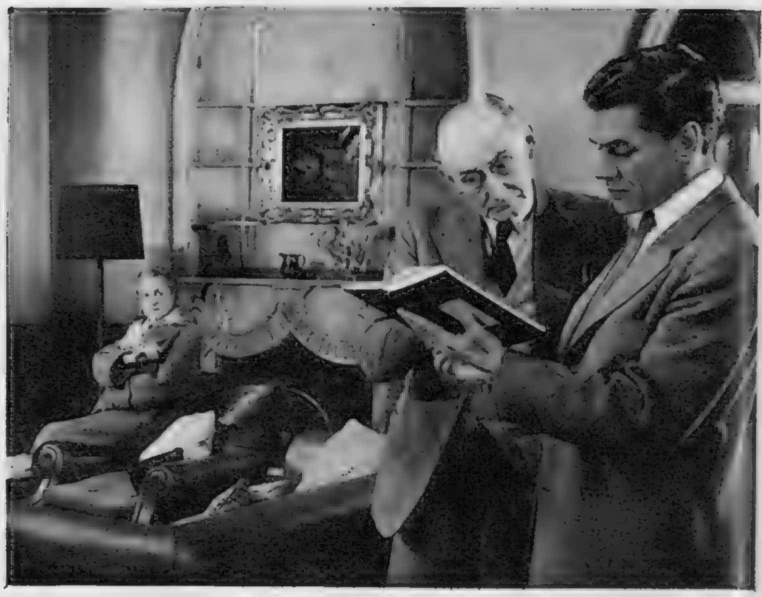
A BEWILDERMENT OF BIRDS.
By J. K. Stanford. (*Rupert Hart-Davis ; 18s.*)

Photographed by Barry Swaebe.

MODELLED FROM LIFE

Working in her London studio on a life-sized model in terracotta of Amaryllis Fleming, is Fiore de Henriquez, a sculptress who is winning increasing acclaim in her field. This young artist, whose striking beauty proclaims her Spanish ancestry, is already very well known on the Continent: among the best-known of her works is the statue of Giovanni Cuone, the great Italian scholar, which now stands in the public square of Salerno. Equally brilliant in her own field of endeavour, is her sitter. The critics prophesy a great future for this twenty-eight-year-old solo cellist, who played last summer with Sir John Barbirolli in the Elgar Promenade Concerts at the Albert Hall. The cello in the picture was made in Italy in 1696 and was used for many years in religious processions at a monastery there.

1. Paul Gardiner (Paul Scofield) and his wife Rachel (Pamela Brown) have returned from a honeymoon in Italy to their new home, which Rachel's mother, Mrs. Trafford (Mary Hinton), has been helping to get ready for them. Her antagonism to her son-in-law is established in the first scene.



2. Paul is a classics master at the near-by public school. His father-in-law (Henry Hewitt), browsing, approaches him for help in a difficult passage. "Executioner's block," Paul translates, reminding them all how Paul's own father was hanged for murder.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

A Question of Fact

WYNYARD BROWNE'S play is at the Piccadilly Theatre. It opened last December, and may be expected to run for some time. It has been directed by Frith Banbury (who also directed *Marching Song* at the St. Martin's), and its accomplished cast includes Gladys Cooper, Pamela Brown and Paul Scofield.

Of the many plays running in London at present, this is probably the best example of the "well-made play"; it is in a tradition which is wide enough to include both Pinero and Shaw, and which still dominates our repertory theatres in the provinces—where, indeed, we may expect to see *A Question of Fact* for long after it has closed in London. The play deals with familiar characters—the Irish nanny, the lovable elderly schoolmaster, the sensitive, self-questioning young man, the mother whom intuition and experience have made wiser on essential matters than her educated son—and it deals with familiar ideas, even to the extent of fighting a mock-battle about heredity. But the characters are most skilfully combined and manipulated, the ideas deployed and brought into combat with one another, the resolution a Boy Scout's dream of neatly-tied ends.

The performances, too, are altogether admirable. Though we may tell the story of the play in pictures, no camera can catch the inflection of a voice, the tiny pause that makes a laugh or clinches meaning. For those, you would have to visit the Piccadilly Theatre for yourselves.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

6. *Left:* Paul explains the communication of enthusiasm to Mr. Trafford. A brilliant teacher, he has decided that he is not fit to teach. He has discovered that insanity was put forward as a defence-plea at his father's trial, and fears his inheritance. *Right:* Paul has located his real mother. She is to visit the house that evening—much to Mrs. Trafford's dismay. Paul's wife is not afraid: she is curious.

9. After dinner that evening Mrs. Smith is introduced to "the Lamb." We begin to learn more about her. She does not execrate the memory of her husband. Ron took her out of a stifling home, and taught her all the things that have since made her a success. Without him, she would have been unhappy all her life.

3. Paul, an adopted child, is obsessed with the idea of his unknown real parents. What are their names? How much has he inherited from his murderer father? The obsession shadows his marriage.

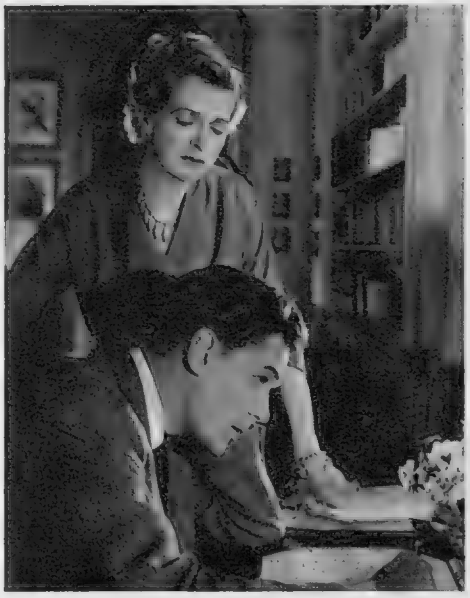
4. Arthur Lamb (Harold Scott), the elderly History Master and Librarian, welcomes the Gardiners home. He knew Paul when Paul was a pupil of the school. From "the Lamb" we learn in what esteem Paul is held, both as a teacher and a man, and how well able he is to inspire his pupils with the "civilised" values.

5. Costumes for a Greek play are tried on Nannie (Maureen Delany). Two months have gone by. Paul has been offered the succession to the Classical Sixth, but unaccountably, it seems, has refused.

7. Paul has decided to resign his post, and refuses to be persuaded out of his decision by "the Lamb," to whom Rachel has confided Paul's secret and her own unhappiness.

8. Confrontation. Paul's mother, Mrs. Smith (Gladys Cooper), is not, as they had thought, a depressed and broken-down figure, but the highly successful buyer-owner of a clothing-store. She is shrewd and self-confident; she travels with a secretary. At their first meeting, Paul's appearance reminds her strongly of his father. She looks at him as if he were a ghost from the past.

10. "Honoured mother!"—but a chance remark on Paul's resemblance to the dead Ron sends him out to telephone the confirmation of his resignation.



11. *Left:* Paul's mother tells him about Ron. The quality of imagination, shared by father and son, made one a criminal, the other a brilliant teacher. Their shared weakness and insecurity led one to murder, the other to throw over a vocation. *Right:* But Paul's school will be happy to take him back, and, in his wife's continuing love, he finds security.

Our Social Diary

Glyndebourne

A NEW play, *Like Stars Appearing*, by Viscount Duncannon, was presented at Glyndebourne for three nights, the first performance being on Easter Monday. I went down on the Wednesday and spent a very pleasant evening, though the Arctic weather, alas ! was not conducive to wandering round the lovely grounds which are part of Glyndebourne's charm. I enjoyed the play, which tells of the struggle of the Church during the reign of Henry III. against that monarch's autocratic and grasping ways. The acting by the Sussex Festival Players, and by Lord Duncannon, who himself played one of the characters, was excellent. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher were among those who came to see the play, and Viscountess Duncannon and Mr. John Christie were also there. Others in the audience included H.E. Madame Brosio with M. Farace, Lady Ronaldshay, looking very pretty in a pale yellow coat, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley with their attractive elder daughter.

The opera season at Glyndebourne opens on June 10th with Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, with two distinguished newcomers to the Festival, Graziella Sciutti and Antonio Cassinelli, in the leading rôles. Other operas to be given include *Don Giovanni*, *Alceste* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and famous artists taking part will be Margaret Harshaw, James Pease, who for the last two years has been a leading member of the Hamburg State Opera, Richard Lewis, Raimundo Torres and Kurt Gester.

Leicester Galleries

THE early drawings (some of which were reproduced in our previous issue) of Albert de Belleroche, who died in 1944, are now on view at the Leicester Galleries. I called in on the afternoon of the private view, and found everyone there full of enthusiastic admiration for the drawings, many of which had already been sold. The artist's son, Comte de Belleroche, was kept very busy answering enquiries about his father's work and later told me how gratifying it had been to have such interest shown and high praise given. I thought the drawings quite brilliant and was interested to see their resemblance in style to those of Sargent, as he and de Belleroche were great friends.

Among those who came to the exhibition were Sir Gerald Kelly, Sir John and Lady Rothenstein, Lady Hinchinbrooke, and Mr. and Mrs. Rodrigo Moynihan. I also met Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Mr. John Napper, with his attractive wife, and Lady Butt.

"Der Freischütz"

I WENT to Covent Garden for the opening performance of Weber's opera *Der Freischütz*, which has not been produced there for many years. Although I knew the music, I was totally ignorant of the story. This seemed to me rather naïve (though not without a certain charm), particularly the supposed horrors in the Wolf's Glen! During one of the intervals I enjoyed seeing the display of prints and playbills devoted to Weber and *Der Freischütz*, which was first performed at Covent Garden in 1824. I noticed with surprise that despite a very changed world, the price of programmes was sixpence then, as now.

Amongst the audience I saw the Earl of Harewood, Lady Bonham-Carter, and Viscount and Viscountess Moore, the latter looking very beautiful and wearing a striking stole of cyclamen and forest green over a black dress. Also Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell, Lady Sarah Savile, and Mr. and Mrs. Antony Hornby with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mott.

OLYMPIC HORSE TRIALS. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, who were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton, seen with the Duke on the opening day.

IRISH GRAND NATIONAL. Lord Bicester's *Royal Approach* won the Irish National at Fairyhouse Race Course. *Left:* Mrs. B. T. O'Reilly presenting the Cup to Lord Bicester, and (*centre*) Pat Taaffe, the jockey, who received a silver salver.

Christening

THE second son of Mr. and Mrs. David McCall was christened at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and was given the names of John David. The godparents are his uncle, Mr. Peter McCall, who came over from Ireland specially for the event, Mr. Hubert Gregg, and Miss Susan White, a débutante this year.

After the christening, Mr. and Mrs. McCall gave a small party in their charming flat near Kensington Gardens into which they have recently moved. Mrs. M. McCall, the baby's grandmother, was among the guests; also Mrs. Robert Hoare, an aunt, and Mrs. Alan Butler. The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel, looking very pretty in black with a white hat, was discussing the prospect of the "Guineas" with Mrs. Ida Layton, as they were both going up to Newmarket for the meeting. As at most christening parties, the women guests far outnumbered the men, but two-year-old Robin McCall, the elder son of our host and hostess, did not seem at all overwhelmed by this, and amused and delighted everybody there.

Easter Ball

ELIZABETH COUNTESS OF BANDON and Lady Mary Campbell were joint hostesses at the Easter Ball held at the May Fair Hotel, and one of the first big dances of the season. The ball had been organised with the idea of providing an

THREE SPRING WEDDINGS—TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Mr. David James with his bride, the former Miss Jeanne Batchelor, after their marriage at St. Martin's Church, East Horsley.

Mr. David Glynn married the former Miss Virginia Hutchison at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridal couple leaving the church with their attendants.

Major Torquil Matheson, Coldstream Guards, and his bride, the former Miss Serena Peto, after their marriage in Westminster Abbey.

inexpensive evening's entertainment for London's younger set, and as it was such an unqualified success, it is hoped to hold similar dances in the future. The greatest credit is due to the members of the young committee, consisting of Lady Jennifer Bernard, Miss April Brunner, Viscount Colville, and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock. They were responsible for the organisation of the ball and for issuing the invitations. It was originally thought that there would be about 300 guests, but eventually these numbered more than 400.

On arrival we were received by Lady Bandon and Lady Mary Campbell, both of whom had given dinner parties before the dance for their daughters, Lady Jennifer Bernard and Miss Nell Dunn. Other hostesses who brought parties included the Hon. Mrs. Orloff-Davidoff, whose daughter Tatyana is one of the most attractive of this year's débutantes, the Hon. Mrs. David St. Clair-Erskine, Lady Kathleen Birnie and Mrs. Patrick Brunner. Also Lady St. John of Bletso, whose party included the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller and Miss Penelope Selwyn, and Captain and Mrs. Clive Arbuthnot, whose daughter Vanla looked very attractive in a dress of pale pink satin. Her parents are giving a dance for her with Lady St. John on May 31st at Londonderry House.

I thought two of the prettiest girls at the dance were Lady Amabel Yorke, who wore a white dress with a petunia stole, and Miss April Brunner, in pale pink tulle. Many of the débutantes wore short evening dresses (a fashion I think particularly becoming to the young), and among these I noticed Miss Susan Clark, the débutante daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, Miss Carina Boyle in midnight blue lace with a cherry sash, Miss Tilly Laycock, and Miss Nell Dunn, who has inherited the piquante good looks of her mother.

Mr. Garry Service, who celebrated his coming-of-age recently, came with a party which included Miss Sarah Deverall, Mr. Charles Wetherby, Miss Venetia Maynard, and Mr. Billy Winter. The Hon. Arthur Lawson-Johnston also brought a party, and others I saw enjoying the evening were the Earl of Brecknock, Miss Fanny Argenti in oyster satin, Mr. Ian Cameron dancing with Miss Susan Birnie, Mr. Richard Berens and Miss Penelope Tankerville-Chamberlayne.

THE PICCADILLY AND ST. JAMES'S ASSOCIATION held their Annual Dinner and Ball at the May Fair Hotel. *Left:* Lady Luke with Lord Luke being received by Major A. Huskisson, President, and Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham.

2000 Guineas

THE following day I went up to Newmarket to see the 2,000 Guineas. I think I prefer racing at Newmarket to any other course, with the exception, perhaps, of Goodwood. I arrived early and was able to enjoy the brief spell of sunshine before the first race. Very soon the sky clouded over and a little rain fell later during the afternoon. As always on this popular day, the members' enclosure was very full, and I went up to the top of the stand in good time in order to get an uninterrupted view of the big race. I thought the Queen's colt *Landau* looked superb as he cantered down to the start, and in company with a great many other people I shared high hopes of a Royal victory. This was not to be, however, and Sir Percy Loraine's *Darius* completely justified his previous form in the 2000 Guineas Trial Stakes at Kempton Park on Easter Saturday, when he was second to *Tudor Honey* after having been shut in very badly during the first part of the race. *Darius* successfully held off a strong challenge by *Ferriol*, belonging to the Comte de Chambure; *Poona*, owned by the Aga Khan, was third.

Watching the race from the top of the stand I noticed Viscount Astor, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, the latter looking very attractive in a bright pink coat, Mr. Sandy Scratchley, and Sir George and Lady Earle. Perhaps it is my imagination, but I always think that women racegoers at Newmarket appear smarter and neater than at other meetings. A great many on this day were in navy blue and among these were Mrs. Enid Cameron, who wore a dress and jacket with touches of white, and Mrs. Robin McAlpine and Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis. I met Lady Mordaunt, looking very pretty and well, after her holiday at Marrakesh with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell.

Among the large crowd I saw the Duke of Norfolk, H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Captain Derek Fitzgerald. Lady Willoughby de Broke, Sir Eric Mieville with Mrs. John Dewar, and Mrs. Audrey Huot.

Helena

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

The Isle is Full of Noises

The Tempest
(*Old Vic*)

PROSPERO'S island at the Vic is Robert Helpmann's. True, Prospero (Michael Hordern) is there in person, and authoritatively—with a twitch of humour that some of his forerunners have lacked—but the producer is Mr. Helpmann, and he has decided, bless his heart, that Prospero cannot do it all on his own. Shakespeare's script is useful . . . but it is the producer's job to show just how enchanted the island can be.

With some men, that would be enraging. But we do realise that Mr. Helpmann is sincere; that he feels it is the right thing to have Prospero out before the storm, waving his staff and urging on a *corps-de-ballet* of sprites; to introduce Ariel by a flight of what look like bobbles of Christmas-tree fluff; to confuse that delicate spirit (a good try by Robert Hardy) with a dancer, tinsel-dotted; to bring up from the depths Juno, who should be airborne; and to keep the isle in a general restless dither.

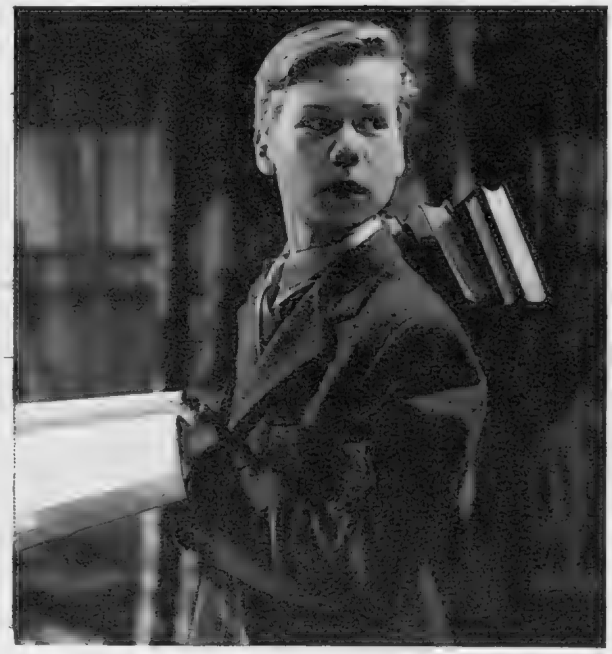
Now many playgoers enjoy this. They say it summons the magic of the isle, and they hold, too, that *The Tempest* is a masque which the producer is empowered to elaborate. I can speak only for myself and protest that this method drains from the play much of its enchantment—simply because Mr. Helpmann is determined to prove that the enchantment is there. It bothers us like a writer's trick of prodding us with italics, underlining to make sure that we understand. *See what I mean.*

Occasionally, all 's well. The Banquet, with its harpy-Ariel, comes across; and Mr. Helpmann has managed the grouping of the immobile King and courtiers at the last. Leslie Hurry's sets have a tremulous haze that, we feel sure, must have flickered over the isle. Some of the acting holds the mind: Hordern's Prospero, royal indeed, except in those few odd moments when his voice seems to flicker into the attic; several small performances by the Court group, Edgar Wreford's sardonic Antonio, for example, and Paul Daneman's Gonzalo; and, especially, the Ferdinand, a part that I have known simpered away to nothing, but that is here spoken by John Neville with an exciting romantic grace and ardour. Claire Bloom deals competently with Miranda.

Usually I have found the broader humours of *The Tempest* a dead loss; so in this revival: the actors cannot help it. We are left with Caliban, a part Mr. Hordern did imaginatively at Stratford. Richard Burton cannot help being likeable, but I have never been fond of household-pet Calibans (" Abhorred slave . . . being capable of all ill "). Here I lacked any sense of strangeness and terror. It shows again, I suppose, how intractable *The Tempest* is on the stage; but, recalling the work of the Vic Company in the season's six plays, I can respond to the epilogue: " Release me from my bands With the help of your good hands."

The Teahouse of the August Moon
(*Her Majesty's*)

THIS isle, full of noises, is called Okinawa. Hunt for it on the map. All we need to know is that the Americans are in occupation after the war, and that the natives can charm any kind of bird from any kind of branch. Washington says that Okinawa should be governed according to Plan B. Colonel Purdy, who loves Plan B as he loves his mother, was on a bad thing when he detailed Captain Fisby to the little village of Tobiki.



TO-MORROW'S PRIME MINISTER? Roger MacDougall's new comedy, *The Facts of Life*, opened yesterday (May 4th) at the Duke of York's Theatre. Lance Secretan plays the fourteen-year-old genius, Alec Clunes his troubled father.

Fisby, getting there with the Plan, and instructions to build a pentagon-shaped schoolhouse, ended by establishing the village in the brandy trade and building the Teahouse of the August Moon.

John Patrick, who adapted this play from Vern Sneider's novel, has worked in a mood of ingratiating gentleness. It is of no use to look this play in the eye; to square your jaw; to say that, dammit, you 're a critic and things had better be good. The play, so to speak, looks back at you through the blandly mischievous marmoset-eyes of Eli Wallach, and in ten minutes or so you are laughing helplessly. Charm holds the night. I can imagine that, at this time next year, Mr. Wallach (as the native interpreter) will be explaining the set-up to us before the bamboo curtain; John Bushelle (Colonel Purdy) will be blinking through his red tape; William Sylvester (Captain Fisby) will be doing exactly what Tobiki wants him to do in the matter of tea-houses; and Elsa Maxwell, the magnificently-trained goat, will be licking its lips after a draught of native brandy.

The thing is nonsense. It has not the remotest political significance; it is just an amiable comedy, expertly handled. I should have hailed Lionel Murton before this. His enthusiasm is for gardening. Mention seeds to him, or the good earth, and you can almost see him taking root, watering himself, and growing at high speed. Mr. Murton's real work is psychiatry. He has been sent to Tobiki to dissect the habits of Captain Fisby; but within half an hour or so he is theoretically a landed proprietor and Tobiki's agricultural adviser. Mr. Murton's fanaticism burns, crackles. We ache to leap upon the stage and to become his subsidiary spadesmen.

The Prisoner
(*Globe*)

WITHIN the mediæval castle that is now a prison, we listen in vain for any sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not. This, in its European capital, is the home of mental torture. A Cardinal, once a hero of the Resistance, must be softened. Another resistance must be worn down: he must be made to say whatever the Government wishes him to say.

So we have the drama (by Bridget Boland), in effect a duologue with occasional interruptions, notably by an earthy, chuckling warder, acted by Wilfrid Lawson. The persons of the duologue are the prisoner (Alec Guinness) and his interrogator (Noel Willman). Find a sore spot, however small, in a man's past, and the work has begun. Play on this spot: before long you will be burrowing into the victim's soul. It is the creed of the interrogating psychiatrist; the play—or, rather, document—reveals mercilessly how a false confession can be extracted. Alec Guinness crumples as we watch; Noel Willman destroys his own nerve: intricate performances both. After an hour, I agree, the play has a certain gnawing monotony. It made me want to scream aloud, and to confess all. That, of course, may have been a tribute to the power of the writing and acting. Take it as you wish, it is work to be respected for its honest force.

Waiting for Gillian
(*St. James's*)

BOOK, *A Way Through the Wood*, by Nigel Balchin; play by Ronald Millar. Incompetent wife (Googie Withers) snarled up with impeccable husband (John McCallum) and little cad who has the prefix " Honourable " (Frank Lawton). A motor accident complicates further. Very efficient piece of theatre—stagey, but acted with powerful sincerity. The title (if you have not read the book) may not mean what you think it means.

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—7: LAURENCE HARVEY

Born in Yonishkis, Lithuania, Laurence Harvey, a cosmopolitan young man, played, at the age of fourteen, a Chinese mandarin in *The Man Who Ate the Popomac* for an amateur company in Johannesburg. Stern self-analysis convinced him that he could be a better actor. In 1946, after three years with the South African Army, he joined R.A.D.A., transferring, after three months, to his first professional engagement at the Library Theatre, Manchester. His first film, *The House of Darkness*, led to a succession, its climax hitherto being the *Romeo and Juliet* recently made in Italy: an earlier stage version of this film opened on April 27th at the Stratford Memorial Theatre, with Mr. Harvey again playing the hero. Though he is charmed with Stratford, much of his time is necessarily spent in Hollywood. He is under contract to Romulus Films (*The African Queen* and *Moulin Rouge*), and is to make one film a year for Warner Brothers, of which the first is to be a version of Scott's *The Talisman* (provisionally retitled *King Richard and the Crusaders*) in Technicolor and glorious CinemaScope (with stereoscopic sound, we suspect).

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

The bride and groom leave the little village church at Kilnasoolagh, Co. Clare, for the wedding reception at . . .

Wedding in Ireland

Our own *Motley Notes*-writer, Toby O'Brien, proposed the bridal toast after the wedding of his cousin, the Hon. Deirdre O'Brien, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Inchiquin, of Dromoland Castle, Co. Clare, to Dr. Horace Beecher Chapin, of New York, at Kilnasoolagh village church, Co. Clare, on April 23rd. About one-third of the 500 guests present were of O'Brien blood and were therefore delighted to see the bride cut the cake with a sword used by Inchiquin ancestor Conor O'Brien in the defence of Lemeneagh Castle, during which he was mortally wounded. The bride's father is a direct descendant of Brian Boru, and the bridegroom's ancestors were a French Huguenot family who settled in England for some time before going to the United States.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Charles Fennell.

. . . Dromoland Castle, family seat of the bride's family, high on the Cliffs of Moher, Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare.

On the lawns before the Castle, the bride poses with her two attendants : the Hon. Grania O'Brien, her sister, and Miss Mary-Des Chapin, sister of the bridegroom.

The Knight of Glin, of Glin Castle, Co. Limerick, who was one of the ushers, with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Severne, who came over from London for the wedding.

The bridegroom lends a hand with the wind-blown bridal veil as the couple leave the church.

Cutting the cake with the seventeenth-century sword of Conor O'Brien, Inchiquin ancestor.

At the reception : Major Laurence Hastings, from Co. Limerick, with our Mr. Toby O'Brien, a cousin of the bride, and Mrs. J. G. Wordsworth.

The Hon. Mrs. John Gallagher, of Dublin, and the Hon. Mrs. David Christopherson, of Surrey, sisters of Lord Inchiquin.

Lord and Lady Inchiquin, parents of the bride, in the drawing-room where they received their 500 guests, with Mrs. Ralph Chapin (*left*), sister-in-law of the bridegroom.

Lady Dunraven came over from Adare, Co. Limerick, for the wedding, with her stepdaughter, Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, who will be coming out in London later this year.

Major The O'Grady, from Bruff, Co. Limerick, with Madam O'Grady and Lady Gort, wife of Lord Gort, whose family seat is Lough Cutra Castle, Gort, Co. Galway.

The scene in the hall of Dromoland Castle, where guests from five countries gathered to wish the couple well at what must surely have been the largest wedding reception of the year in Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cleeve and Mrs. Cleeve, senior, came over from Co. Limerick to see an O'Brien married at the village church for the first time in fifty years.

The bridal pair leave Dromoland Castle for the traditional "destination unknown."

A HAPPY
O
CHILDREN-I

Photographed b

RECORD

I- WAITING

ud . .sa.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The Caldron Touch

. . . hardly able to believe his ears.

MY DEAR ROBERT,

A few weeks ago Charles had our gas put on a shilling-in-the-slot meter. He said the shock of the gas bills was undermining his constitution. As a meter is something which calls for Initiative and Foresight from the Housewife, I was immediately filled with the darkest forebodings.

"Charles, where do I get shillings?"

"At the Bank, dear," said Charles in his patient voice.

"Suppose we run short?"

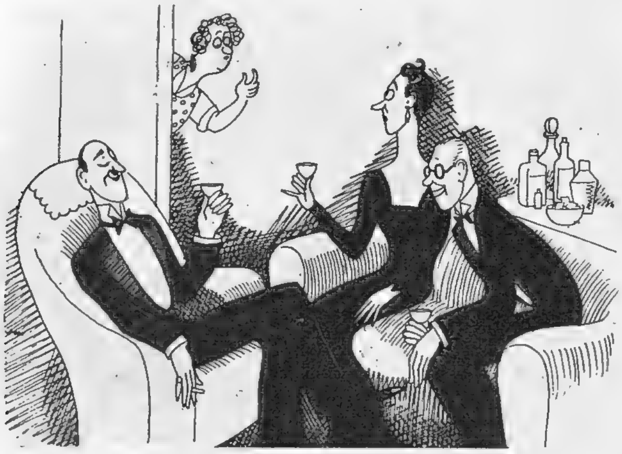
"That, Henrietta," said Charles, giving me a stern look, "is up to you."

Next day, when I took the housekeeping cheque to the Bank, I asked for a pound in shillings.

"*Shillings?*" said the Cashier, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Well, we have a gas meter now and you have to put shillings into it."

"I'm afraid that is out of the question," said the Cashier, looking down his nose. It was obvious I had lowered the tone of the whole place. I turned rather red and shuffled out into the street.



. . . Evensong making faces at me round the door.

But I was determined to show Initiative and Enterprise, so I walked boldly down the Street to the Other Bank. Imagine my delight when I found the Cashier there was a member of our Dramatic Club—one who, moreover, had taken the part of my son in the last play.

"Do you sell shillings?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Browne."

We exchanged the warm, intimate smiles of those who have been through the agony of an amateur production together, and my spirits rose. The Other Bank was smaller than Charles's Bank, but cosier and obviously my spiritual home where finance was concerned. I hurried back to Charles's Bank, closed my mewling account of three pounds seventeen shillings and eightpence, and transferred it to the Other Bank.

When Charles came home that evening Evensong was cooking merrily on meter gas, and there were nineteen shillings stacked neatly on the top of his desk. Tired, but smug, I awaited his congratulations, so it was a great disappointment when he turned out to be cross.

"Henrietta, what is this I hear about you transferring your account?"

"They wouldn't give me shillings, Charles."

"Is this the time," said Charles bitterly, "I ask you, Henrietta, *is* this the time for us to quarrel with the Bank?"

"Well, no. But the Other Bank is very cosy, and Roy Sterry is there—you know, the one who was Oswald in *Dark Winter*."

"Of course, if you're going to put your money in a Bank because it's cosy and you once acted in a play with the Cashier——"

Charles was really annoyed, and I was quite relieved when he told me, a few weeks later, he had asked the Manager of His Bank to dinner just to show there was no ill feeling.

"Do your best, Henrietta, for the love of Mike," said Charles as he crammed his hat on his head and left the house for his afternoon Surgery. A moment later he came back, opened the front door and shouted, "He likes beef!"

Beef seemed a rather unadventurous menu, but I was determined to do my best and make amends, so I got a nice little bit of undercut and some Stilton as it was obviously going to be that sort of meal, and Charles bought a bottle of Beaune. Evensong was pleased, because she likes cooking beef.

The Bank Manager arrived a little early, but for once I had changed in good time, and we sat round the fire drinking Charles's Specials with our hearts warming to each other as hearts should at the beginning of a dinner-party. I explained about the shillings and the Bank Manager said he understood but in his opinion anybody who put a shilling meter into his house was a raving lunatic.

The time passed pleasantly in argument about this, but when I saw Evensong making faces at me round the door, and remembered we'd put our last shilling in the slot the day before, I began to wonder if the Bank Manager wasn't right after all. I made the same faces at Charles that Evensong had made at me, and, as soon as he understood what I meant he plunged his hand into his pocket and produced three sixpences, two half-crowns, and a halfpenny. We stared at each other, quite stunned by the horror of the situation while the Bank Manager, unwitting of our distress, went on with his story about the Home Guard Supper.

"Give him lots to drink!" I hissed into Charles's ear, and rushed from the house.

"Lady B.! Lady B.!"

"Henrietta, what on earth is the matter? I thought you were having the Bank Manager to dinner?"

"We are! Have you got a shilling?"

"Ah!" said Lady B., and produced two five-pound notes and a threepenny bit, so I rushed home again.

This was obviously the moment for a Housewife to show Initiative and Foresight. Evensong and I had both been Girl Guides in our youth and between us we made a quite successful fire in the garden. Soon the undercut, on a bed of vegetables, was sizzling and spitting in a saucepan while Evensong and I rushed round plucking dry twigs out of the hedges.

"The crackling of thorns under a pot," said Charles, looming out of the darkness with a drink in either hand. Evensong and I tossed them off like Russians drinking vodka, and bent again over the cauldron.

"'*Double, double toil and trouble,*'" chanted Charles, who appeared to be in good spirits. "'Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog.'"

"Goodness!" said Evensong. "The *things* you say!"

"'Double, double toil and trouble,'" chanted Charles.

When we finally sat down to dinner I wouldn't go as far as to say Charles and the Bank Manager were drunk, but they were what Charles calls "Nicely, thank you." So were Evensong and I, if it comes to that. So was the beef, which was quite delicious.

"I never tasted anything like it in my life!" said the Bank Manager.

"Henrietta is a wonderful Housewife," said Charles, and looked as though he meant it.

My whole being was flooded, as they say, with happiness, and I bent towards the Bank Manager and said earnestly, "I'm sorry about the Other Bank."

"My dear Mrs. Browne," said the Bank Manager, "please don't give it another thought. As a matter of fact, my clerks are delighted. Your habit of writing cheques for half a crown used to get them down. Ha ha!"

"Ha ha!"

"Henrietta," said Charles, "you've got an enormous smut on your nose."

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

Diplomatic Hostesses: *Lady White*

The charming wife of Sir Thomas White, the High Commissioner for Australia, is pictured in the lovely drawing-room of the official Australian residence in South Kensington. The whole house shows the personal touch of Lady White, whose talent for making a home both beautiful to look at and comfortable to live in is a by-word among the many thousands of Australians who have been the guests of the High Commissioner and his wife in the three years they have been in office. On a hall table, there is a visitors' book which once belonged to Lady White's father, the late Rt. Hon. Alfred Deakin, at one time Prime Minister of Australia. The book has been in use since the beginning of this century and among the most prized of its signatories are the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited Sir Thomas and Lady White before leaving on the Royal tour. Lady White tells us that she loves being here—"Now I know why my father, a frequent visitor to England, spent so much time encouraging us all to visit this country." She indicated the paintings on the walls—mostly by the brilliant young Aboriginal artist, Namatjira—of gum trees and blue mountains and wide, open spaces, and added: "But I know what homesickness can be, so I try to bring a touch of home to our fellow-countrymen here." She would be delighted to know just how well her visitors feel she succeeds in her aim.

ZENA HOWARD : An Understudy Who Has Achieved Star Billing . . .

Miss Howard, who plays opposite Robert Morley in *Hippo Dancing*, at the Lyric Theatre, has been an understudy for twenty-two years. When Brenda de Banzie, who was then playing Hippo's wife, sprained her ankle during the pre-London tour, Zena Howard took over; it was her job. But Miss de Banzie decided not to return to the cast, and H. M. Tennent's gave the part to Miss Howard for the London run.

. . . and RICHARD WORDSWORTH and PATRICIA JESSEL : Adjudged the Best Supporting Players of 1953.

Supporting players are neglected almost as often as understudies (except by the old lady in the third row, who shouts "There 's Cedric!" as the curtain rises on the Crowd Scene). Since 1947, the Clarence Derwent Award of £50 has been made annually by a Committee (headed by the President of Equity and including Sir Bronson Albery and Tyrone Guthrie) to the actor and actress adjudged to have given the best performance in a supporting rôle. Past winners have included Brenda de Banzie (1953) and Paul Rogers (1952). On April 25th the award for 1953 was made to Miss Jessel for her Roxane in *Witness for the Prosecution*, at the Winter Garden Theatre, and to Mr. Wordsworth for his Antonio in Sir John Gielgud's production of *Venice Preserv'd* early in the year. He and his family are off to the Broads with their money; Miss Jessel, of course, is tied to the theatre.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

COLIN NORRIS : For Making Spring Official With a Hat.

The people of Greenwich do not go about straining their ears for a cuckoo. The first day of Official Spring is marked in Greenwich by the appearance of Mr. Norris, a Borough Council dustman, in the straw hat he has always worn throughout the Spring and Summer. The cuckoos are rumoured to consider picketing.

BRENDA COLLINS : Who Has Travelled Ten Thousand Miles on £65.

A three-month tour of the North American continent, including Mexico, will be over when twenty-five-year-old Brenda arrives back in England on May 12th. She paid for the journey by free-lance radio work. Our photograph was taken in New York. "I could write a book," she says—and intends to.

JILL ADAMS : Who Proves That the Forces Still Choose British.

Whatever Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell have, it wasn't enough for the men of the 19th Independent Infantry Brigade serving with the Middle East Land Forces, who have elected London-born starlet Jill Adams as their "official" pin-up. Nobody made speeches at this election. Goodness, nobody needed to!

QUEEN SALOTE'S COUSINS TO DANCE IN LONDON

Veiongo Fakaua and Palu Vavau Tupou, cousins of Queen Salote of Tonga, who won so many English hearts at the Coronation and kept them by her wonderful hospitality to our own Queen on Tonga, are on their way to London to dance at a gala welcome-home party to celebrate the return of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from the Royal tour. Queen Salote herself has designed some of the costumes that her cousins will be wearing for their display of the songs and dances of Tonga, which takes place at the Cumberland Hotel on May 15th. The remainder of the two girls' visit—a mere fourteen days—will be taken up by trips to Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons, Oxford and Stratford-upon-Avon, a river journey up the Thames, evenings at the ballet and a musical.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

AVIS SCOTT.

GILBERT HARDING.

ARTHUR C. NIELSEN.

PAT KIRKWOOD.

T.V. PERSONALITIES: AVIS SCOTT, the popular and dynamic television guest-announcer, will begin her second period of duty on May 17th. When we asked GILBERT HARDING—the man who makes you wonder what he is going to say next—what his future television plans were, he replied that he did not feel inclined to think about them until he has solved his most urgent problem—finding a new flat. ARTHUR C. NIELSEN, whose "Audimeter" is discussed on this page, is the son of Danish parents who emigrated to the United States. At fifty-six he is still a well-known tennis player, as well as a scientist and the head of the world's largest "marketing research" organisation. PAT KIRKWOOD returns to television on May 8th, in her own programme. Viewers who remember her brilliant performance as Marie Lloyd in *The Passing Show* will no doubt look forward to this new monthly series.

It Can't Happen Here

JUST recently I was introduced to an electronic device which has alarmed me more than somewhat. It is called the "Audimeter," and is one of the miracles of modern scientific ingenuity. Briefly, it is capable of recording to the split minute *what programmes* the members of a household—possessed of one or more radio and television sets—have been hearing or viewing and *for how long*.

This electronic snooper has been installed in 1500 homes in the United States. Perhaps "snooper" is a trifle unfair, for, of course, these machines have been attached to the receivers with the full knowledge and co-operation of their owners. Their information is used by the inventor of the "Audimeter," Mr. Arthur C. Nielsen, to carry on the biggest audience research organisation in the world. In a country like America, where the costs of sponsored television programmes are astronomical, it is vital that the sponsor should know both the size of his audience and the popularity of his programme. Mr. Nielsen can give the answers to these questions—and a variety of others, besides—with amazing accuracy. One of the more interesting facts which he has proved is that sales have gone up since the inception of commercial television in the States.

All right. The sponsors can keep an accurate check on their programmes. Mr. Nielsen runs a thriving business (some large firms spend as much as 1,000,000 dollars a year on audience research) and the hosts of the "Audimeter" receive a little something for their trouble. So everybody is quite happy.

But—but suppose some such device were secretly incorporated in radio and television sets *without* their purchasers' knowledge or consent? It has been known for totalitarian countries to make it a criminal offence to listen to programmes coming from democratic lands. Up to now, as long as everybody keeps mum about it, it has been possible to defy this ban with impunity. But what about the future? The set itself would provide the police with irrefutable evidence. Just shows how harmless inventions can be twisted to base uses.

NO doubt there are times when the B.B.C.'s television engineers thank their lucky stars for the anonymity which surrounds their work of getting the programmes to the viewers' screens. For if ever there was a time when the results of their labours have deserved a critical slap, it has been during the period under review. I cannot believe that all the delays and breakdowns which occurred were unforeseeable—nor has anyone yet assured me that they were. In future, I suggest, the viewer should be told exactly what is wrong, and not be fobbed off with the gaily announced information that there is "technical trouble which we are trying to put right."

AS regards the programmes, the period has been pleasantly adequate rather than memorable.

I found *No Time for Comedy*—S. N. Behrman's sophisticated dilemma of the temperamental playwright, who is spiritually bisected by two women of opposing natures—a sad disappointment. I blame Leonard Brett, the producer, for that. The tempo and weight of his treatment was more suitable to Checkov than Behrman, whose genius is for making characters amusingly interesting without being profound.

For those of us who have little Latin, less Greek and no history, *You Are There* looks like being an educative series. The first edition—a presentation of the Charge of the Light Brigade as if it were being reported by a television O.B. unit—was extremely good entertainment as well. The script and production were by Michael Mills, who deserves high marks—as do the numerous players who re-enacted this tragedy of Bumbledom. The next edition, on May 17th, will deal with Mary, Queen of Scots.

THE coming fortnight looks pretty good to me. May 8th sees the first *Pat Kirkwood Show*, a monthly series, starring that versatile young lady. She will be supported by singer David Hughes and a guest-comedian. The first will be Terry-Thomas.

The Sunday-Thursday play on May 9th and 13th will be *Three Men on a Horse*, a somewhat unlikely but very amusing American comedy by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. It deals with the hectic adventures of a young man who has a knack of predicting the winners of horse-races, and who falls into the hands of a band of professional punters.

A week later you will be able to see Shakespeare's *A Comedy of Errors*. In the meanwhile, prepare yourself for plenty of excitement, horrid and otherwise. May 11th brings *The Monkey's Paw*, by W. W. Jacobs, which is a gruelling half-hour's excursion into black magic—and now a classic. It is preceded by Pinero's gentle comedy *A Private Room*. On the next evening begins the new Wednesday night serial *The Dancing Bear*, by two new young writers, John Wiles and Richard Wade. This time the excursions will be over, around and about the Iron Curtain, as taken from the base of the Austrian town, Graz. I promise you much exciting skullduggery.

Finally, on May 18th, there is *The Man Upstairs*, by Patrick Hamilton, who is a dramatist with a unique capacity for handing out goose-pimples. What would you do if you were an undersized, peace-loving man, only wanting to have a quiet evening at home, and suddenly you were visited by a most alarming hunk of a man, with a threatening and sinister air? And how would you feel if you were told that this monster was bent on maiming you for life? What did George Longford do in that situation? Ah, that 's telling!

ALLEGORY, by Pietro Annigoni. (Privately owned.)

PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHARLES WOLFSON, by Pietro Annigoni. (Privately owned.)

SOME RECENT EXHIBITIONS

The paintings reproduced on this page are from three recent exhibitions. The portrait by Kisling is from the April exhibition, *Paris—Londres*, at the Gallery of Arthur Tooth and Sons, 31, Bruton Street; the two paintings by Pietro Annigoni from the collection of his work shown last month at the Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street. At the Trafford Gallery, 119, Mount Street, a collection of Speechley's paintings may be seen until May 8th.

JOSETTE (1934), by M. Kisling. (£770.)

DRAYTON HALL, WEST DRAYTON, by Speechley. (28 guineas.)

LA SERVANTE DE BOCKS. (1878-9.)

Lent by the Trustees of the National Gallery.

LA DAME AUX EVENTAILS. (1873-4.)

Lent by the Musée de Louvre.

Manet—and his Circle

The exhibition at the Tate, arranged by the Arts Council in conjunction with l'Association Française d'Action Artistique, will run until June 7th. It has been made possible by the kindness of the Directors of the Louvre, who, since the *Jeu de Paume* (that branch of the Louvre which houses the French Impressionists) is being partially closed for re-decoration, have lent paintings which, joined with those drawn from the National Gallery and the Tate itself, form a distinguished representation of the painter's work. We have chosen for reproduction on this page, three paintings by Manet not as generally known as the portrait of Lola de Valence, as *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe, La Musique aux Tuileries, Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère,* and the two fragments from *The Execution of Maximilian,* all of which, however, are included in the exhibition.

BORDS DE LA SEINE À ARGENTEUIL. (1874.)

Lent by Christabel, Lady Aberconway.

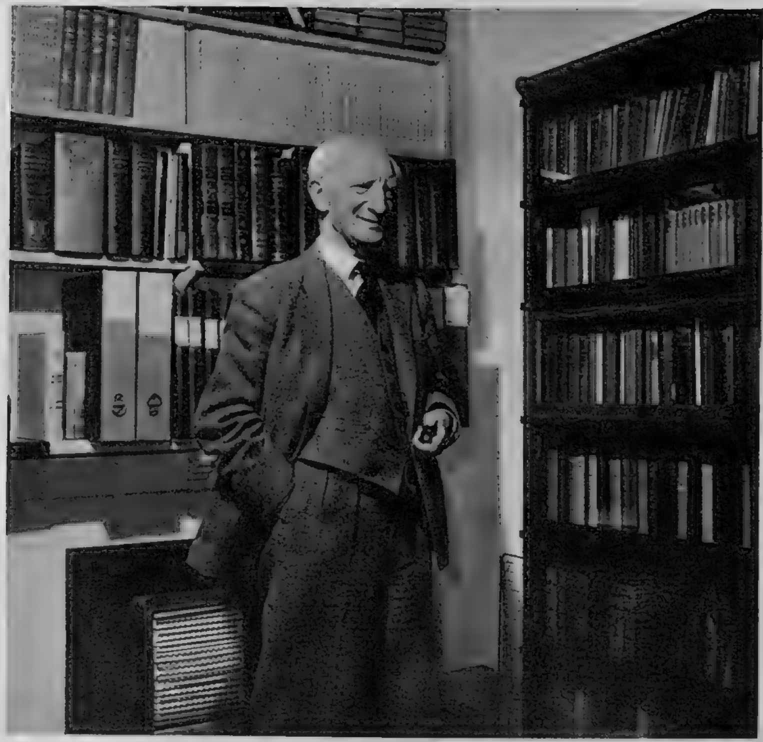
L'HORTENSIA. (1894.)
by Berthe Morisot.
Lent by the Musée de Louvre.

PORTRAIT OF BAZILLE. (1867.)
by Pierre-Auguste Renoir.
Lent by the Musée de Louvre.

LA FEMME À LA POTICHE. (1872.)
by Edgar Degas.
Lent by the Musée de Louvre.

PORTRAIT OF MME. GAUDIBERT. (1868.)
by Claude Monet.
Lent by the Musée de Louvre.

On this page we reproduce some of the paintings by contemporaries of Manet. The exhibition includes work by Bazille, Degas, Fantin-Latour, Monet, Berthe Morisot, Camille Pissarro, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, and Toulouse-Lautrec. Bazille, whose portrait by Renoir is included among those pictures reproduced here, is represented by three works, of which the large *Réunion de Famille* is probably the most striking ; his death in the Franco-Prussian War was a a great loss to painting. Fantin-Latour's rather gloomy *L'Atelier des Batignolles* shows his friend Manet, surrounded by a group that includes Bazille, Monet, Renoir and Zola, an ardent supporter. Of Camille Pissarro and Toulouse-Lautrec, the exhibition includes only one work each, but both are distinctive and typical. There are altogether seventeen works by Manet's circle shown, all of them lent by the Louvre.



Strictly Biographical : 8.

By Louis T. Stanley

Lord Beveridge

WHEN I had finished *Power and Influence* I began reflecting . . . I was back in the modest lounge of an Oxford flat with spring sunshine pouring through the windows. In an armchair opposite sat a white-haired man with lean, ascetic features, gentle of voice and courteous of manner, a figure outwardly more suited to the study and the college common-room than to the political platform. It was almost impossible to think of him as taking part in a General Election and making those orations with which the politician seeks to attract voters, yet here was the former Member for the Berwick-upon-Tweed Division of Northumberland and author of the famous Report aimed at the Abolition of Want.

I became an admirer of Lord Beveridge many years ago when I found in him a completely intelligible man whose principles were generous and steadfast, whose judgment never seemed to fail him, and who let the calm of intellect into discussion. In the sphere of economics I find it tempting to compare him with Lord Keynes. They make an interesting contrast, approaching the subject from different angles. Keynes was the deductive economist, beginning always from first principles, Beveridge inductively. Both men cover a wide range of achievement, so much so in the case of Beveridge that it is difficult to know what to isolate for mention, beginning, as it does, in those distant days when Winston Churchill, as Home Secretary, brought in the youngster Beveridge at the suggestion of the Sidney Webbs to introduce the Labour Exchanges and unemployment insurance.

From that day Beveridge has had an over-full life. His work has been in Whitechapel, in Fleet Street, in the Civil Service, in the Universities of London and Oxford, on innumerable committees, official and unofficial. It would be pertinent to comment on his controversial wartime plan for fuel rationing ; his successful plan for food rationing in the First World War ; his years as Director of the London School of Economics from 1919 to 1937 ; and his rôle as Master of University College, Oxford : perhaps recall glimpses of him in the Reform Club or Liberal headquarters in Gayfere Street ; or that all-too-brief spell in Westminster when he made eight telling speeches in the House in six months ; or that period when, having surrendered two attractive posts with salaries and other amenities in order to embark on a political career as a member of the Liberal Party, he found himself ten months later in the wilderness without an income and cut off from former occupations and friends ; or his recent sojourn in Edinburgh, which proved too remote from London.

It makes a complex pattern, unexpected in design and in keeping with the remarks he made in the farewell address to undergraduates of his Oxford college when he said that what he had planned to do in life had again and again been prevented by events beyond his control, yet on each occasion he found something else worth doing—an assertion amply confirmed in *Power and Influence*. It is a remarkable volume, for it mirrors his mind and character, though I would not say it is a piece of self-portraiture, rather is it indirectly revealing. There is not a line which expresses hesitation ; not a page in which we can watch him making up his mind. It has always been made up when he put pen to paper. He explains his motives and reasons for having acted in such and such a manner, but we are given the results, rather than the processes of deliberation.

That Beveridge is extraordinarily impartial, that he is a scholar, is clear to everyone, but that he is a scholar who has been pitchforked into active life is, I believe, an utterly false reading of him. The cast of his intellect and imagination is essentially that of a man of action. I have mentioned his gentle voice and courteous manner, yet at times he can surprise by the dryness and curtness of his comments. He has a knack of brushing aside what is insignificant. His reluctance, in private as well as public, to discuss what is not yet clear to him seems to be the manifestation of a fundamental characteristic—namely, a perfect integrity of mind. The foundation of his character is the adamant of intellectual integrity. I was a Beveridge supporter long before I met him. Prior to that I had read in the papers that he lacked magnetism. It was precisely that defect which attracted me. I have no confidence in the steady sagacity of the so-called magnetic. When I came to meet him, one of my first impressions was the absence of magnetism or any desire to impress. As a member of the public I felt he sought our solid advantage and not our absurd patronage. Defeat in the General Election was a bitter blow, but he bore it with the greatest equanimity. He never indulges in pessimism, there again showing one of the traits of the man of action. Whether or not Beveridge thinks of himself as a great man I can never discover. Pose the question and probably he would say that the term is an exceedingly vague one. He would certainly not trust the reports of introspection on such a point.

Many men's writing is the spoken word on paper, merely titivated conversation. But Beveridge actually speaks the language of the pen. His oratory is a broad continuance of statement, reasoning and reflection, with no hazy interludes. It leaves the listener with nothing to do but understand, and to-day, when so many speakers of talent put deliberate fog round their phrases, the change is refreshing. He drives a Roman road through every subject. His diction is plain and accurate, succinct yet full and rounded. It is formal and traditional, rather than personal, reflecting not fugitive moods, but habits of thought and feeling.

Specially photographed for "THE

A pitfall is an occasional use of clichés of good pedigree countered by the advantage that it virtually excludes trivial egotism and rules out misrelated ingenuities. The style is as individualistic as his finger-prints. It is not a Roman toga worn for the sake of its air of dignity, though the folds may be arranged for deliberate effect. It is his natural garb.

During my recent visit to Oxford I was privileged to catch a glimpse of another side to Beveridge's nature, the personal introspective aspect that reflects the essence of what he really believes. This he gave me in his own words:

"I was brought up as an agnostic without acceptance of any Christian dogma. Thus the doctrine of personal immortality—perhaps the most pervasive of all Christian beliefs—has meant, and means, little to me. But belief in the impossibility of escaping from what Samuel Butler of *Erewhon* described as vicarious immortality has seemed to be important, ever since I read the doctrine set out in one of Butler's sonnets:

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes.

We shall not argue saying, "'Twas thus" or "Thus,"
Our argument's whole drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.
Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

"Belief in vicarious immortality seems to me, if one can stick to it, a strongly moralising doctrine. It discourages selfishness, idleness, arrogance, vulgar ambition, cruelty. If we want our successors to think kindly of us when we are dead, we must act kindly in our lives.

"But though Christian dogma has never meant anything to me, the personality and spirit of Christ have meant much. Towards the end of my undergraduate time at Oxford, Edward Caird, the Master of my college, told me of a sum of money which the college had at their disposal to promote serious study of Christianity, and asked if I would like to be endowed for this purpose. I didn't accept the invitation, but Caird's suggestion led me to make for myself a study of the life and character of Christ as shown in the synoptic gospels. I came to feel that here was one of the greatest personalities in human history—with a greatness the more impressive because it had to be seen through the minds of very ordinary men. When soon after I happened from Monte Mottarone, in the Italian lakes, to see Monte Rosa twenty-five miles away shining through drifting mists—and looking all the larger and more overwhelming because of the mists, I made the simile, Christ was all the more superhuman, if ever any man was, by the way He shone through peasant minds.

"And to-day there is no one thing that by itself would do more to save humanity from the sea of miseries, hates and cruelties in which it wallows, than a spreading to all men, not of Christian dogma, but of the spirit of Christ, making all men see themselves at last as brothers."

SKETCH" by Harold White.

Whose Footsteps Tread These Infamous Cellars Now?

The Black Monks of Medmenham

EVEN FOR THOSE DAYS, THEIR ORGIES WERE REMARKABLY DEBASED IN TONE.

THE sleepy little old-world village of West Wycombe is certainly one of the prettiest in England. There is a dark rumour that " the Americans " wanted to buy it and ship it to the States lock, stock and barrel, but fortunately " the Authorities " felt the same way about it and West Wycombe is still with us. This evidence of outside interest has left the villagers with a thorough awareness of their particular place in the sun, and at *Ye Olde Apple Orchard*—a fine old Elizabethan inn—the proprietor's strong sense of fitness resulted in a fine old Elizabethan lunch. I drank honeymead and ate boar's head and truffles and things like that and firmly restrained myself from asking if this was normal fare—I had fallen for West Wycombe, hook, line and sinker, and nobody wants to look for flaws in a new love.

So I talked instead of what had brought me there—and was still immersed in the story half an hour later as I followed Francis Dashwood through the man-made maze of subterranean tunnels deep in the bowels of the earth beneath West Wycombe Hill. Because it 's quite a story. Two hundred years ago this pretty little village was the storm-centre of one of the most disgusting scandals in English history, when a horrified public learned of the existence of the infamous Hell Fire Club. Leader of this profligate crew—all men of the very highest public positions—was Sir Francis Dashwood, premier baronet of England, a character over-debauched even for those licentious days. Meetings were first held in the ruins of a Cistercian abbey at Medmenham, but it is said that the need for secrecy drove them to meet in these caves until Dashwood had a special " temple " built for them on an island on his property.

We reached the huge, eerie chamber where legend has it they disported themselves—the men dressed as Franciscan monks, the women they brought from London garbed as nuns—and I shuddered involuntarily.

" Fascinating, isn't it ? " asked my companion, cheerfully.

Water was dripping steadily down my neck and I moved to avoid it, my foot making an ominously squelching noise. " Very," I said, bitterly, and turned to go.

" We 're having duckboards put in to save all that," said Francis, eyeing my shoes interestedly. And then added irrelevantly, " Can't you just imagine the orgies they held here ? "

I could. That was the trouble. Looking at the gargoyle-like heads carved at the turnings of the tunnels, I found that my imagination was working overtime.

" Had enough ? " asked my guide, expectantly. " Well, now we 'll go and see the temple." He led the way, rattling along with the air of one who knows his piece by heart, with occasional interspersed admonitions on my progress.

" The members were all pretty famous. (Mind your head.) Lord Bute, who was Prime Minister for a while. And John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich—he became first Lord of the Admiralty. (It 's slippery here. See those gargoyle things again ? Great, aren't they ?) Then there was George Bubb Dodington, who ended up as Baron Melcombe Regis. Oh, and Thomas Potter, whose father was Archbishop of Canterbury. Hogarth was a member, too—did a lot of drawings of the Club members. Potter was his model for that ' Handsome Candidate ' thing. Then there was Paul Whitehead, the poet, who left his heart to Dashwood in his will. And John Wilkes, of course—ah, daylight ! "

We emerged, blinking, into the bright light of day, and wended our way down the hillside and through the beautiful grounds of West Wycombe Manor, home of the Dashwood family, to the lakeside.

Hogarth's *Midnight Modern Conversation*. The artist was said to have frequently used Hell Fire Club members as the models for such orgy scenes as this.

There, we embarked in a punt. Francis was managing it with what I told myself was A Practised Hand. In the middle of the lake he said, " Hope we make it. Punting isn't my strong suit."

We made it—with my eyes closed. I stepped out on to soft, wet moss that sank about a foot under my eight stone.

" Oh, should have warned you ! " said Francis happily. " That 's always happening."

The white-painted temple now makes a delightful summer-house. We went down moss-covered stone steps to explore the cellar by torchlight. I left my smile and some of my zest for the adventure in the first cobweb I walked into. I peered up at the ceiling, described by Wilkes as " covered with emblems and devices of such gross indecency that they would have required no explanation to the lowest mentality." A flake of dingy whitewash fell into my open mouth.

Francis laughed heartlessly and embarked upon a description of the incident which led to the breaking-up of the club. It seems that enrolment among that fashionable set of sinners was a much-sought-after distinction, and Dashwood instituted an inferior order who joined in the bawdy " hymns " and " psalms " and attended upon their superiors in the celebrations of black mass and the rites and ceremonies that were a burlesque and a blasphemous parody on the rituals of established church orders.

The time came when Sandwich and Wilkes were candidates for the same vacancy on the superior body. Wilkes guessed that Sandwich's rank and fortune would give him an unfair superiority in the " election " and prepared to revenge the slight.

Before the installation ceremony he contrived to bring into his cell a great baboon which he had dressed up in red and black, with a horn on its ugly head. When Sandwich knelt to pray to the devil to come among them and " receive their adorations," Wilkes freed the animal. Delivered from its confinement, the terrified creature leapt on to the shoulders of the prostrate Sandwich. Attention had been so completely fixed upon what he was saying that nobody noticed where this " fiend " had come from, and its appearance at such a moment made them believe that it really was the devil invoked. They leapt from their seats screaming, tumbling over one another in their rush for the door. Sandwich burst into pathetic wailings and supplications. " Spare me, gracious devil ! " he cried. " Oh, spare me, at least till I have served thee better ! I am as yet but half a sinner ! "

Wilkes quietly opened a window and the baboon escaped, but not before one of the company got a full view of it and said—when he could stop laughing : " Your prayers are heard ! That devil of a great baboon that 's just gone out of the window despising half a sinner, has spared you until you are fitter for his service."

Next morning, servants gave the show away, and the incensed Sandwich demanded that Wilkes be expelled from the club. Wilkes eventually wrote a complete exposé of the club's doings, and there was a tremendous hue and cry throughout the country. Dashwood erased all traces of the club and even rebuilt an old church on the hill—which certainly formed a beautiful termination to a vista which Dashwood had cut through his park. The irrepressible Wilkes wrote of it with fine irony : " I believe this is the first church that has been built for a prospect."

" I suppose it jumped through this window," said Francis, brandishing the torch. It fell from his hand and we were plunged in Stygian darkness. By the time he picked it up I was out on the lawn, cleaning my shoes with an air of studied nonchalance. And I was quietly consigning all Hell Fire to damnation.

Francis could take a hint. He talked of the beauties of the village, as he walked me to the train. But as I was leaving he pressed a " little memento " into my hand—a grinning gargoyle's head of Wycombe clay.

OLGA STRINGFELLOW.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"... OR WOULD YOU PREFER A CH. MARGAUX 1870?"

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Smugglers and Spotted Fever

Forbidden Cargo
(Leicester Square)

WE are advised to see the British film *Forbidden Cargo* from the beginning, and the advice is worth taking. The beginning, in point of fact, is the best part of the picture.

It takes Nigel Patrick, as a special investigator of the Customs and Excise Service, to a bird sanctuary on the coast of East Anglia; where international smugglers, disguised as honest British seamen, are suspected of landing consignments of French brandy.

Mr. Patrick meets the smugglers, which is satisfactory. He also meets Joyce Grenfell, which is even more so. Miss Grenfell—one of the few actresses I know who can bring an instantaneous ripple of laughter through a theatre at her first appearance—turns up in full bird-watching kit as an ardent ornithologist:

"My name 's Kenyon," says Mr. Patrick.

"Mine 's Greensway," says Miss Grenfell.

"Miss Greensway?"

"Lady Flavia Greensway, eck-cherly, but people call me Birdie."

Birdie promptly takes the young officer under her wing, lends him her hide as an H.Q. ("But you will be *jolly* quiet, won't you?") She is a treat, both funny and warm-hearted, and once the brandy smugglers have been dealt with, and Lady Flavia disappears into her hide (except for a brief moment at the end of the story), *Forbidden Cargo* is never quite the same again.

The rest of the film is concerned with an offshoot from the East Anglian affair, and describes how the Customs men get wind of a plot to land an immense consignment of drugs in England. That trail takes Mr. Patrick to the Mediterranean and a luxury yacht, where a beautiful fashion model (Elizabeth Sellars) and her handsome but clearly graceless brother (Terence Morgan) are enjoying the sun, and indulging in a remarkable lot of underwater swimming. An attempt to join them in this exercise nearly results in Mr. Patrick's murder, and not unnaturally rouses his suspicions. And so back to London, and the inevitable chase through night streets black and sleek with rain. Not bad; not bad at all; and the Customs people, I understand, give the film good marks for authenticity. But it never quite lives up to the promise of its opening, and sometimes one thinks nostalgically of Joyce Grenfell back there in her East Anglian hide.

The Proud Ones
(Curzon)

I SHOULD call this French Grand Prize-winner at last year's Venice Festival a very nasty and very powerful picture; and I should be equally dishonest in pretending that I liked it, or in denying that I was impressed by it.

One wonders sometimes why film directors are attracted, in the first place, to such subjects; stories which, by their very nature, are bound to result in something painful, distressing, even physically nauseating. Do they perhaps feel a compulsion to look frankly at the ugly and squalid things of life? Is it a form of self-discipline, a sort of penance? It couldn't, it shouldn't, be a pleasure.

The Proud Ones is a really dreadful account of the three days between Good Friday and Easter in a filthy, forgotten Mexican village. Against a background of macabre Easter festivities, punctuated by a nerve-wracking staccato of fireworks, mixed with the cries of sick children, we are presented with an inconclusive drama of the fight to deal with an outbreak of spotted fever. The disease is brought to the village by a French tourist, who, having vomited freely, dies in sweat and agony. The fever spreads like wildfire. The only hospital is a church, and the only doctor is old, tired and dying. Inevitably he turns to the only help he can find: a drunken wreck of a Frenchman who has once been a doctor, too, but has long since abandoned his profession for a life of dirt and tequila.

"Oh, yes—I simply must have this one too—my husband will give you a cheque."

The film is based on a novel by Jean-Paul Sartre with the title of *L'Amour Redempteur*. Redeeming love appears in the person of the French tourist's widow, a beautiful and fastidious young woman who has to learn the hard way what it is like to be stranded without money, hope, or adequate language in a primitive Mexican village. To her instinctive distaste, she finds herself turning more and more towards her disreputable fellow-countryman, the drunken doctor; and with quite a shock, she realises she is worrying far more about his living deterioration than about the death of the dull but decent fellow she has married.

The Proud Ones is beautifully acted by Michèle Morgan and Gerard Philipe, who seem able, in the subtlest way, to suggest the understanding between two lost people. Yves Allegret's direction makes a telling thing of the Mexican backgrounds, and misses no opportunity of emphasising the plot's physical horror. You needn't, by the way, be concerned over the title. It has no discernible relevance to the subject under discussion. M. Allegret tells me that he went out to Mexico to film a certain story; changed the story materially, but was not allowed to change the already publicised title. As director and adaptor of *The Proud Ones*, he ought to know.

Some Other New Films

KNOCK ON WOOD (Plaza).—A story of no great consequence about an American ventriloquist who gets accidentally mixed up with a European spy-ring gives Danny Kaye a chance for a number of lively turns. The best is his impersonation of a very English motor salesman demonstrating a very complicated car, but you 'll enjoy the burlesque of ballet, too. Mai Zetterling plays opposite him in her first Hollywood film.

ACT OF LOVE (Gaumont).—Kirk Douglas and the enchanting French actress Dany Robin in a story set in wartime Paris, all about a forlorn, hungry waif who agrees to room with a lonely G.I. for the sake of board and lodging. Love dawns, but a heartless commanding officer refuses his consent to marriage, and the girl is afraid she 'll have to become a professional prostitute if she doesn't take a drastic course of action. Delicately played and sympathetically directed by Anatol Litvak; hey, but it 's doleful, willow willow waley!

HEIDI (London Pavilion).—Johanna Spyri's gentle classic has already been done on the screen with Shirley Temple, and recently as a serial on Children's Television with Margaret Lockwood's daughter, Julia. Heidi, you 'll remember, is a little Swiss girl who is taken to Frankfurt as companion to a rich crippled child. She helps the invalid to surmount her troubles, but always pines for her beloved mountains. The heroine is played in this Swiss version by a beguiling little girl called Elsbeth Sigmund. Scenery is lovely, but the film is marred for me by the dubbed American dialogue.

THE 5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T. (Studio One).—A real oddity, sometimes brilliant, occasionally banal, about the nightmare (or, rather, daymare) of a small boy who is allergic to piano practice. Nodding off over the keyboard, he dreams himself a prisoner in an enchanted castle, where his sinister music-master is planning to conduct a concert with 500 children at a monster piano. There are songs and dances, some of them sentimental, others amusing. Tommy Rettig makes a likeable young hero, and Hans Conried has a fine time with the musician's antics. Not nearly as gay or good as *The Wizard of Oz*, but roughly from the same school.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Easy to look at and easy and charming to wear, is this princess-line coat-dress in snuff-coloured linen, printed with black-and-white. It has a cape-collar, with an amusingly mannish tie. The coat-dress and the flat, black straw hat are both from Rahvis, Upper Grosvenor Street.

Accent on Ascot

When the accent is on Ascot, the accent is also on a new and casual elegance. Fussy, flouncy, long dresses are out. Tailored, uncluttered suits, and dresses, with matching jackets or coats, are in. The wind can blow at Ascot, so big, floppy hats are a thing of the past, unless they are securely anchored. It often rains, so anything that might get bedraggled, even under a gaily-coloured umbrella, should be left at home.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Accent on Ascot

Left : A button-through, sleeveless, slim-fitting dress, ideal for summer cocktail parties, is worn with a fitting, matching jacket. In beige grosgrain, with a steel-grey, leafy pattern, the jacket has a waist-bow and collar of grey velvet. By Rima, from Finnigan's, Bond Street. The large straw hat is swathed with ostrich feathers in various shades of beige, with a grey satin bow. By Mme. Vernier, George Street.

All the men's wear and equipment on these pages are by Moss Bros.

Feminine and flowery, in Christian Dior's summer mood. A sleeveless dress and bloused-jacket, in grey shantung, scattered with roses. By C. D. Models, from Harrods. The grey shantung "shower-cap" is from Simone Mirman, Chesham Place.

This fitting dress has a matching long coat in white shantung, with a bold design printed in grey. By Frederick Starke, from Anne Gerrard, Grosvenor Street. The little, veiled hat is from Mme. Vernier, George Street.

Following the fashion lead from Paris, cotton is used for this striking two-piece in heavy navy-blue marcella piqué, with white trimming at the neck of the sleeveless dress, and a white collar and cuffs for the loose jacket. By Matita, from Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge. The little white hat, with navy-blue ribbon and veiling, is from Mme. Vernier, George Street.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Here is an answer to problems brought by summer showers. It is a raincoat in showerproof poult, in wine, black or green, that is reversible to black-and-white-checked, showerproof taffeta. It can be worn loose, making a light, formal town coat, or belted for informal or country wear. By Telemac, price 6½ gns., with a matching hat, from Harrods, London; McDonalds, Glasgow; Werff, Birmingham; and Howells, Cardiff.

Choose the Loveliest . . .

Jennifer's spellbound. Oh, to be grown-up, too, and wear stockings made from fairy cobwebs! Mummy says they're **Bear Brand** *Ultra-sheer Nylons—but to Jennifer they're just magic.*

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Ford Anglia

LAST autumn the Ford Motor Company brought out their new *Anglia* and *Prefect*, and then the *Popular*, to add to the successful *Consul* and *Zephyr*. They use "Five Star Motoring" as a slogan for their range, and, while I gather this is intended to refer to features such as service, I like to regard each model as a star in this Fordian firmament.

The little *Anglia* follows the line of the familiar *Consul* and *Zephyr*. It is a two-door saloon, and the interior is surprisingly spacious for what is really quite a small car. There is ample leg room and enough stowage space to satisfy the cluttering habits of the worst of us. The boot is roomy, and the full-width shelf beneath the dash, and its counterpart behind the back seat, provide carrying room for just about everything; they are most handy for odds and ends.

The foam-rubber seats are comfortable and the suspension is up to modern standards. The trimming is simple but adequate, and I like the moulded rubber floor-covering. This is so much easier to clean than carpet, certainly for the country dweller like myself.

Access to the rear seat on the *Anglia* has to be made from the near-side by tilting the passenger's seat. A good safety point this, discouraging the use of the offside door, with its attendant traffic risks.

On the road the car puts up a good performance. With my family on board, we were all happy cruising at 55 to 60 m.p.h., with 65 and more available if wanted. The controls handle well, and the conventional centre-floor gear lever controls the three-speed box easily. The cornering ability is good, although not up to that of the *Consul*. Do not, please, take that as criticism—the *Consul* is so exceptional in that respect.

The petrol consumption figure came out in the region of 40 m.p.g., which included fast runs. But consumption depends so much on the driving that I prefer not to quote a firm figure. Real economy is here for those who want it, but it is an economy "in your own feet," as it were.

In the case of both the *Consul* and the *Zephyr*, I have commented upon the tendency to wheel spin when using full throttle for acceleration. I was surprised to experience the same spin once or twice with this *Anglia*. Maybe I am guilty of too-fierce acceleration, but if the power is there, I like to be able to use it. It is odd to me that the Ford engineers should get such a good power output and then provide in wheel size a loophole through which some can escape. But this would never prevent me from owning an *Anglia*, and probably I am getting what a modern expression terms "a thing" about this on the post-war Fords. Certainly it would not worry a normal driver!

Yes, the *Anglia* is certain of the same long run of success as its predecessor. Economical, roomy and comfortable, it is a star all right, and will shine for a long time, I have no doubt. Back this with the renowned Ford service, which is so important, and you have a splendid proposition indeed.

CURRENT TOPICS

Winking Indicators and the Police

WHILE handling the *Anglia*, I had an opportunity of driving with the winking traffic indicators about which I have written previously. There is no doubt that other road-users seem uncertain as to their intention. But what did surprise me was that in one place the police on point duty seemed as uncertain as anyone.

When the Ministry of Transport made blinkers legal in this country, one would have expected them to acquaint the police. If they did, certainly it has not reached down to the point-duty man everywhere! Going up the vertical stroke of a "T" junction where a point duty man awaited me, I indicated the desire to turn left. I was waved to the right. I pointed to my lights. More waving to the right. Quite a surprised look when I turned left. And all this was more or less repeated later in the day with a different policeman.

Racing Daimlers!

DAIMLERS in a racing programme. That, to me, is something new, and it is very many years since such a thing last took place. For at Silverstone on May 15th, two Daimler *Conquest Century* models will compete in the Touring Car event. And, what is more, they will be handled by two of the best-known British racing drivers, my good friends Ken Wharton and Reg Parnell.

It was Daimler's enthusiastic general manager who put it to me. He is keen to explode the idea once and for all that Daimlers must solely be associated with ear-trumpets, or with weddings and funerals. No doubt chairman Sir Bernard Docker concurs with all this, for he is spending a good deal of time with the Daimler portion of his industrial interests these days. Incidentally, Sir Bernard has become president of the recently formed Midland Centre of the G.B. Car Club. That sort of live-leadership will help immensely.

Cyclists Again

I SEE there is an official move afoot to restrict the cycle racing on public roads that for so long has been an accepted practice. Not before time, too. It would be madness to allow cars or motor-cycles to race on unclosed public roads. Yet pedal cyclists can race against each other and against the clock without any bother.

I don't suppose any Government will ever have the courage to tax them (though I believe that some of the cycling organisations do make a trifling voluntary payment to the roads), but at least cyclists might be required to prove themselves fit to ride or be liable to be forbidden to ride on the roads. At present, they need not have mirrors. They seem to get away with parking their machines in an impenetrable wall along the kerb on the wrong side of a unilateral parking street. If it's freedom you want, become a cyclist.

Improving Suspension

NOT often does a new device for improving the suspension on cars come along. But the "Ridemaster" recently brought out by the Woodhead firm really does seem to offer a good deal. I have not yet tried it myself, but a friend who is knowledgeable and experienced has had it fitted to his car.

The device is a coil spring fitted lengthwise along the top of the rear spring. It comes into action as the spring deflects, and takes some of the load and assists with the return to normal. I am assured that cornering is vastly improved and the car is stable to a remarkable degree, even when taking roundabouts quite fast. Costing about 75s., the "Ridemaster" seems to me to be a worthwhile improvement for many cars.

For the best of everything...

All the year round in Spain you'll find sunshine and summertime. Also, Spain and its traditions are quite unspoilt.

Bullfights: For many people, bull-fighting is the most thrilling of all spectacles. During the summer, in Bilbao, St. Sebastian, Pamploma (where the famous 'bull-run' takes place through the streets) you see it in all its full colour and ritual.

Art and music: For those with an eye and ear, Spain brims over with interest. The architecture of the Alhambra at Granada, of ancient Tarragona. The priceless El Grecos at Toledo. The half-Moorish music and dances of Alicante. These you will never forget.

Food and wines: Eating and drinking are a major holiday pastime in Spain. Never eaten the sea-food dishes of Catalonia? Never tasted the Serrano ham of Sevilla—with a glass of Spain's incomparable sherry? Ah, what treats in store!

Prices: You will find yet another pleasure in Spain—its reasonable prices. Full pension from under £1 a day. A bottle of light wine from less than a shilling. Havana cigars from 1/9d.

★ SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

come to sunny SPAIN

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

HAVE you ever played a rather fearsome game in which somebody says a word and you have to reply immediately with the first phrase which the word brings to your mind? If somebody had shot the word "kitchen" at me in my childhood, it would have immediately conjured up a picture of a large inconvenient room with a cold flagstone floor which caused successive cooks to grumble incessantly, and not without reason, about "their poor feet." To-day my reactions would be very different—I should think at once of stainless steel, gleaming enamel, formica-topped tables and a general air of gaiety which was quite unconnected with kitchens until comparatively recent years. Not everybody has an ideal kitchen, or anything like it, but there is no excuse for having a dreary kitchen to-day when there are so many things to be bought, at reasonable prices, to cheer up the cook (and her husband!). I have already mentioned on this page some of the delightful glass and kitchen cloths in the shops; and now I see Irish linen roller-towelling with gay stripes and daisy-patterned borders. This towelling can be bought by the yard and is made in about half-a-dozen different colours. Incidentally, it doesn't look grubby nearly as quickly as the all-white variety.

* * *

If you have ever stood guiltily on a chair, because you couldn't be bothered to fetch something more suitable for standing on, you will be one of the people who will be especially pleased to hear about a Step-Stool which is light and strong, takes up little space, and is always ready for immediate use. When the steps are pulled out, you can use it to reach the back of that high cupboard in the kitchen, or that shelf which would be invaluable if you could only get at it. When the steps are folded neatly under it, you have a comfortable strong stool to sit on while coping with chores in the kitchen. The Step-Stool, which is a real asset to any household, is stove-enamelled in cream, and has a tubular steel frame; the steps and seat are of wood. The height of the Step-Stool is 24 ins.

* * *

I have found a clothes-airer which is particularly useful for drying glass cloths in the kitchen. When extended, it provides over 13 ft. of airing space, but when telescoped it fits into a small space and only protrudes for about 3 ins. For people who are short of airing space, the Myn Treliscopic Airer, which is finished in silver-grey, would also be useful in the bathroom.

* * *

Not long ago, some friends with whom we were having dinner gave us such a delicious piece of steak that I felt quite annoyed about it. Annoyed because I knew we went to the same butcher but I had never bought steak like it. But the secret, it was revealed, lay not in the meat so much as in the treatment it had received before it was cooked. My friend had used a meat tenderiser called "Molcarnet," which consists of a number of stainless and rust-proof blades fitted into a plastic body. You just press the "Molcarnet" firmly into the meat all over, so that the blades go in deeply, cutting and loosening sinew and fibre, and releasing the juices. It can be used on steaks, chops, cutlets, kidneys, hearts, and all other cuts up to 2½ ins. thick. I am pleased to add that the "Molcarnet" is easy to clean after use. I find that many so-called labour-saving devices are anything but!

* * *

The first glorious days of spring sunshine are for me the best of the whole year. I refuse to be daunted by anything, even though the sun does reveal every winter spot on the pale-blue Indian carpet and makes the hearthrug look like the colour to which decorators are so attached —"broken-white." After several years of trial and error with various methods of carpet cleaning, I now pin my faith on a liquid which I've found easy to use and effective. Selfridges' Carpet Cleaner is mixed with water and applied to the carpet with a well-bristled brush, and then rinsed off with a damp cloth. It removes the most obstinate greasy marks and can also be used effectively on clothes and upholstery; it is non-inflammable and non-poisonous.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Irish Linen Roller-Towelling: 4s. 11d. a yard; Peter Jones.

The Wilmot Step-Stool: 66s. 6d.; Army and Navy Stores, Selfridges, Whiteleys.

Myn Treliscopic Clothes Airer: 19s. 11d.; Robert Jackson of Piccadilly.

"Molcarnet" Meat Tenderiser: 10s. 6d.; Army and Navy Stores, Robert Jackson of Piccadilly, Selfridges, Whiteleys.

Carpet Cleaner: 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 15s. a bottle; Selfridges.

Ravenna—A new Latin-influenced style worn by Miss Anne Grierson, a leading London model.

However difficult your hair may seem to be, careful attention and really skilful razor-cutting can reveal a hidden tendency to curl and coax it to whatever new styling will suit you best.

Daphne Vernon

coiffeuse

43, Knightsbridge, London S.W.1 SLOane 1138 and 4859

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Italy

Information from
ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT)
201 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
and all Travel Agencies.

cheap night tourist fares

in Europe's finest air fleet

This summer BEA introduces more cheap tourist services. The only difference between them and normal BEA tourist services is that you travel by night. Nothing else is changed. You fly in the same aircraft: the famous ELIZABETHANS and VISCOUNTS. You enjoy the same comfort, the same good service. But, because you fly at off-peak hours, your air travel costs you less.

* Return fares from London

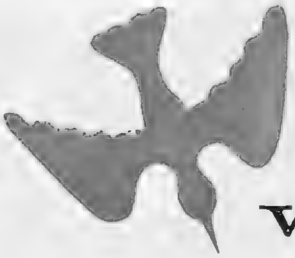
BRUSSELS £11
AMSTERDAM £11.11.0
GENEVA £21
HAMBURG £20
ZURICH £22.10.0
PALMA £34
MALTA £42
MILAN £27.10.0
PARIS £11
ROME £35
BASLE £21
NICE £26.10.0

** Fares quoted are airport to airport.*

Enquiries to your Travel Agent or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent St., London, S.W.1. GERard 9833.

fly BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



welcome

Welcome and fresh as Spring sunshine is the re-styled magazine—Britannia and EVE—bringing new interest and pleasure to the modern woman's leisure hours. The influence of EVE now holds sway . . . the things she does, wears, makes . . . the home she lives in and cares for.

There's not a woman who won't be entranced by Alec Waugh's new story " TOO LIKE A FAIRY TALE " *: or provoked by Barbara Cartland's article* " WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS "*—in which she questions the wisdom of a woman marrying out of her station. And then—but forgive us—there is so much in the May Britannia and EVE to intrigue and interest every woman. The May issue is now on sale . . . get it today from your usual bookstall or newsagent.*

the re-styled
BRITANNIA and Eve

BEST TWO-SHILLINGSWORTH ON THE BOOKSTALL.

Champagne—
for the gracious way of Life

Whilst it is agreeable to know that Dry Monopole Champagne continues to maintain world-wide popularity wherever good taste and pleasure meet, it is particularly heartening to learn that Dry Monopole is still accorded the highest esteem by those hosts and hostesses whose guests—diverse in character and conversation though they may be—are united in a sense of values and the possession of a finely discriminating taste.

Champagne
Dry Monopole

TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES LTD • SUFFOLK HOUSE • 5 LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL • LONDON E.C.4

Free as a Bird

You're air-conditioned in AERTEX all year round
Regd.

On stifling days you won't be stifled, on freezing days you won't be frozen—not if you're in Aertex. Its millions of air cells keep you air-cooled in the heat, yet they insulate you from the cold. Enjoy air-conditioned comfort in Aertex pyjamas, shirts, underwear for men and boys; pyjamas, blouses, underwear for women and girls; corsetry and babies' wear too!

Free Illustrated 1954 Catalogue *For your copy send this coupon to Advertising Manager, Aertex, 1 Long Lane, London, S.E.1. Tel: Hop 2855.*

Do you know the name of your nearest Aertex retailer? YES NO

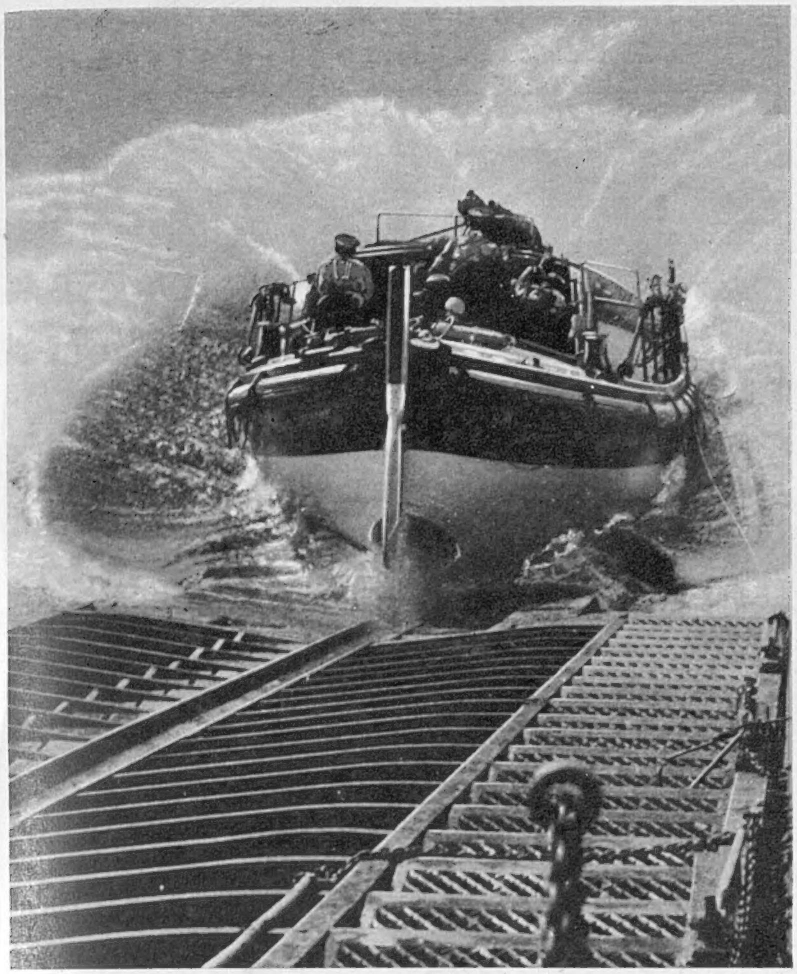
CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. AERTEX LONDON

Genuine Aertex bears this label

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

USUAL SHOPPING CENTRE .... φ B15



Don't bother about a banquet

In the hundreds of times the lifeboat crews put out to sea, it is only once in a while, when the tide of events lifts routine courage to epic heroism, that their exploits hit the headlines. At other times, their swift-moving, ever-responsive reliability is taken for granted. In the motoring world, Ford reliability is accepted as inevitable and understood. The highlights are front page news (as for instance, when the Consul won the Tulip Rally, and the Zephyr swept to exciting victory at Monte Carlo, and the New Anglia made so dazzling a debut by taking the first six places in its class at the R.A.C. International Rally) but the excellence of any Ford product is normally expected from Ford. It does its duty well because it has been built in the Ford tradition—Ford's unique resources, resulting in lower prices for the purchaser, and unique after-sales Service.

Ford of Dagenham

Ford Motor Company Limited · Dagenham

"... and one for the HOME!"

there is only
ONE BEST

BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES
LIMITED

Choose BOOTH'S DRY GIN

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.

Bottle **33/9** · *Half Bottle* **17/7** · *Qtr. Bottle* **9/2** · *Miniature* **3/7**

MALTA

For Winter Sunshine

without foreign currency. Stay at

HOTEL
PHOENICIA

Full details and rates from

Malta Travel Bureau (*GERrard 6477*)
24 Golden Square, London, W.1
(*or any other Travel Agent*)

Marine Hotel
TROON AYRSHIRE

An Outstanding Coast Hotel with 5 Golf Courses adjacent. Completely Modern. Private Suites. Private Bathrooms. Central Heating. Cocktail Bar. Dinner Dances every Saturday. Private Tennis Courts. Lift. Television. Near Prestwick Airport.

Manager:
K. Vilvandre
Telephone:
Troon 980

A.A.
R.A.C.
R.S.A.C.

The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try a MOSCOW MULE (1 part Smirnoff Vodka, juice of ¼ Lemon; add ice and fill up with Ginger Beer. Garnish with slice of Lemon and stir gently). Also a SMIRNOFF & TONIC (1 part Smirnoff Vodka poured over several ice cubes in a long glass. Fill up with Tonic Water and garnish with slice of Lemon).

**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Oval Rd., Regents Park, London, N.W.1. Sole distributors in U.K., W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd

---

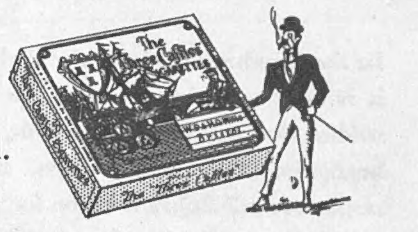
SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES

AN AFFAIR OF TASTE

Artist (who thinks the Royal Academy ought to give his Landscape a room all to itself). "WHAT SHOULD I GET FOR IT ?"

Sir Gorgius Midas (who doesn't know anything about Art, but knows what he likes—and what he doesn't!). "SIX MONTHS ! ! !"

[Collapse of Our Artist. But struck by a Happy Thought, he proffers one of those exquisite "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, and under its Beneficent Influence, Sir G. is beguiled into purchasing the Masterpiece—for a Fiver !



20 for 3/11d.

It's always been

THE "THREE CASTLES"

CIGARETTES

for The Quality

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. TT275I

Accessible, in the quiet heart of historic St. James's, yet but a little way from the hub of the world, the Stafford Hotel and restaurant are essentially for those who enjoy the good things of life without paying excessively for the privilege. Radio re-diffusion in every bedroom.

Lunch, dine or stay at

THE STAFFORD HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

St. James's Place, Mayfair, S.W.1

TELEPHONE: HYDe PARK 0111.

GUERNSEY

Channel Islands

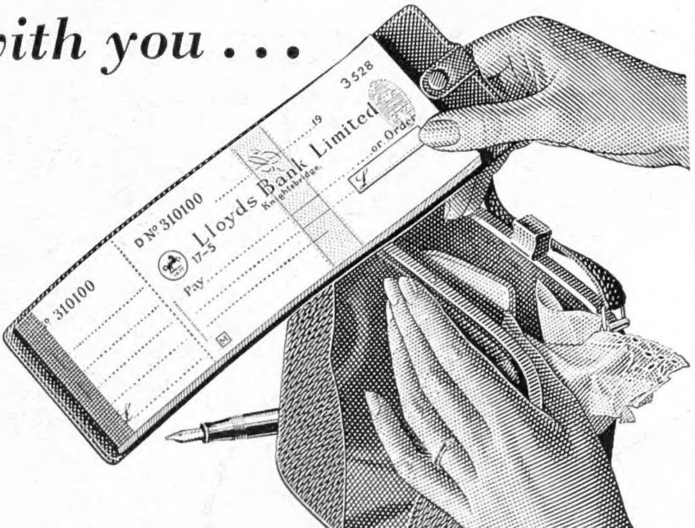
GLORIOUS AT WHITSUN

Everything is there—early warm summer weather, blue skies, kindly, courteous folk, majestic scenery, a thousand years of history, and every holiday pastime. Food is plentiful and cheap.

Send 5d. for illustrated brochure and hotel list to Dept. 51C States Office, Guernsey, C.I.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Take your cheque book with you . . .



WITH a current account at the bank and a cheque book in her handbag a woman can handle her money matters conveniently and safely.
" Why a Woman needs a Banking Account " is a booklet which will be of interest and practical value to all women who are thinking of opening a current account. A copy may be obtained from any branch of Lloyds Bank.

Let LLOYDS BANK
look after *your* interests

1677

A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

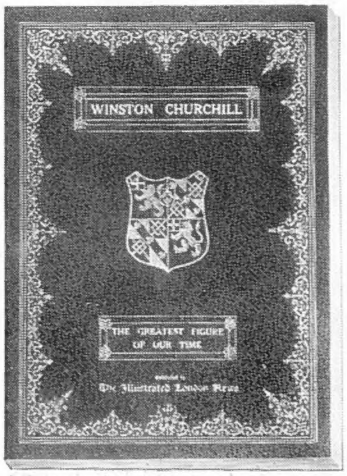
New York: EXCELSIOR WINE CO., 150 BROADWAY

A TRIBUTE TO WINSTON CHURCHILL
In his 80th Year

Few men in their lifetime have more successfully established a claim to greatness than *The Right Honourable Sir Winston Churchill,* K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P.

Throughout an illustrious public career covering more than half a century he has shown a vigour of mind and a strength and clarity of purpose unexcelled by any of his contemporaries. At a time when our fortunes in war were reeling under shocks that would have daunted a lesser spirit, his voice, his words, and his wisdom—in Parliament and over the radio—brought the nation through to its finest hour.

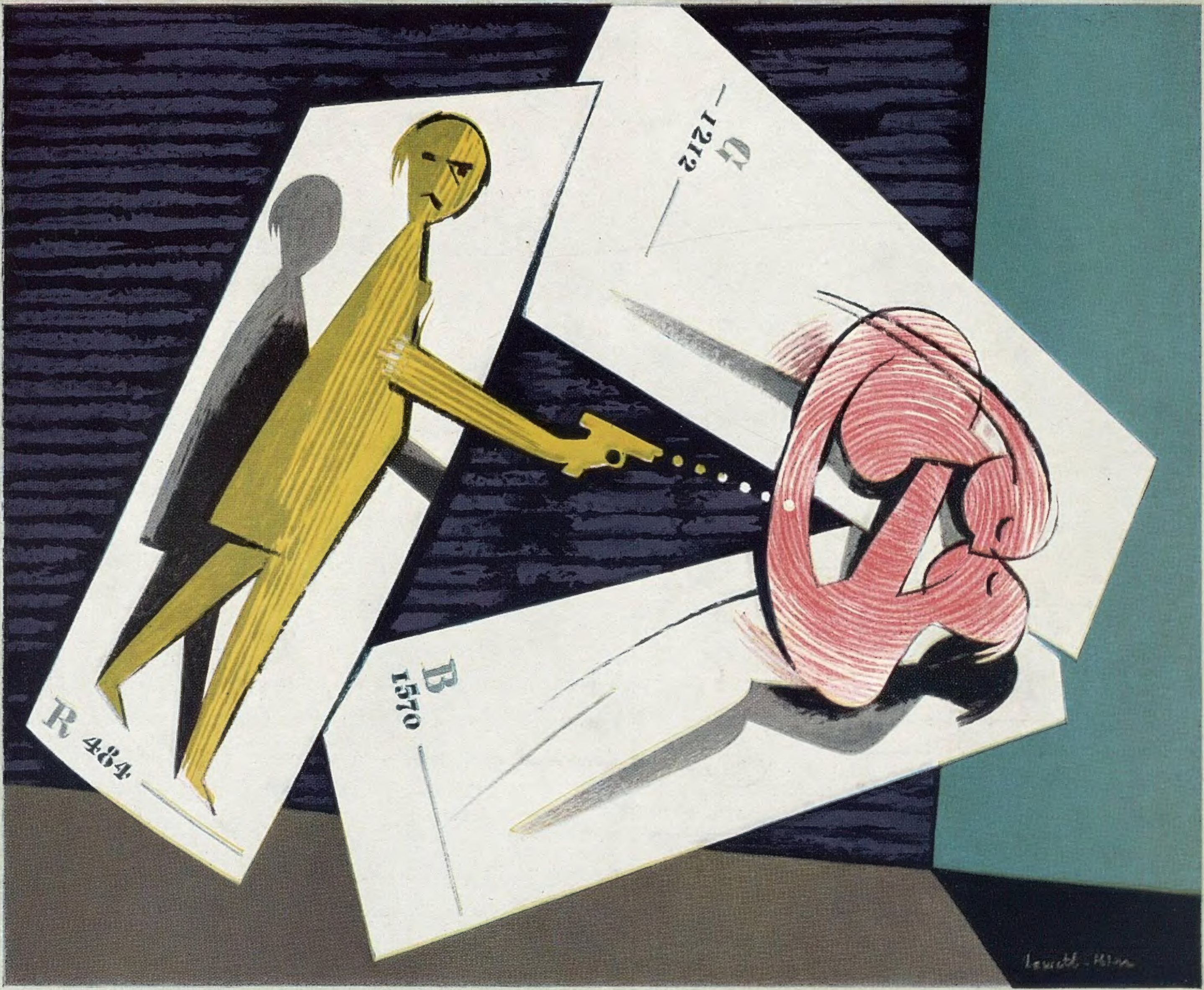
Despite the greatness of this man and despite the debt the whole world owes to him, few of us, if the truth be told, know of Winston Churchill's background—his early days, and his kaleidoscopic career in the years leading up to the Second World War.



The life-story of WINSTON CHURCHILL makes fascinating reading. As a tribute to him in his 80th year, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has published a special 10s. 6d. Record Number in his honour, telling the story of his life from babyhood until the present day. It is a full, graphic and revealing account and includes photographs that have not been published before.

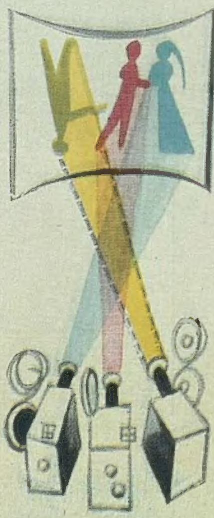
The demand is heavy and, to avoid disappointment, we advise you to secure your copy from your regular bookstall or newsagent at once, price ten shillings and sixpence.

Special notice with regard to copies to be delivered overseas: copies of the Winston Churchill special Record Number of " The Illustrated London News " can be sent to any part of the world, price 12s. 6d. per copy, including postage, packed in a special cardboard container. Orders can be placed with your usual supplier or with The Publisher, " The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.



The Schweppshire Way of Life

3. COUNTY INSTITUTE OF CAREERISATION



In Schweppshire old crudities are abandoned, ancient myths dispelled. We no longer imagine that (a) we know what we know, nor what (b) we are nor still less (c) what we want to be.

By a simple system of bloodgrouping, footprinting and the totally irrelevant questionnaire, not only are our careers decided for us but, more revolutionarily, the problems of everyday life. "Shall I take a Bicycle holiday in the Lakes?" Insert your career card, press buttons 786, 33 and 412, and the Electronic Mixer will tell you what to do.

"Cards" with holes punctured in the appropriate places, look like, and often are, old pianola rolls. The form, which may take four months to fill up, contains typical simple questions which must be answered with "YES", "NO", or "SORT OF" e.g. *Do you hate Handel? Do you like being photographed? Do you pronounce "Often" "orfn"? Do you only cut toenails when they saw through socks? Do you have greengrocer whose mother voted Liberal? Do you think of radio short-waves as looking like a gunners' tie?*

By Schweppidiascope attachment (see inset) your future career is projected on to a screen. If, in answer to the question "Am I a rejected lover or a loyal wife", the reply is "no answer", it does not mean that the machine has gone wrong. It can safely be said that for the era which gave the wrong jobs to the right people, we have substituted the Age of the Wrong People in the Right Jobs.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, May 5, 1954. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.